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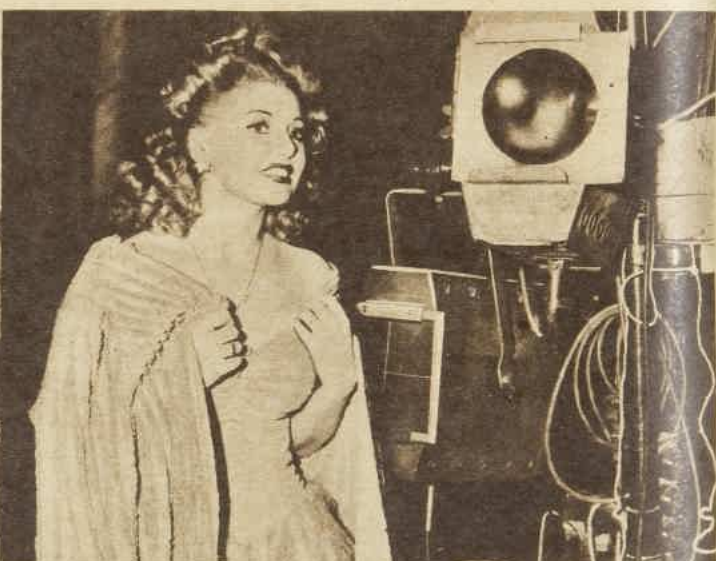
ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH! Say hello to Micky Wislang of Wirth's Circus. Micky has done a back-spring in Adelaide, a somersault in Brisbane, he's fallen on his face in Alice Springs. In fact, he's been all over Australia doing anything for a laugh. "Yes," says Micky, "a clown has always got to be funny—even if he's not feeling the best. This weather I find that a hot Bonox before and after my act peps me up and keeps me fit."



PRETTY "ICEBERG"! "Brrrr!" says the thermometer—but weather doesn't count with pretty Dorn Fraser. Right through summer and winter she never misses her early morning dip. "These winter mornings are really chilly," admits Dorn, "but a cup of hot Bonox soon warms me up inside. Keeps me feeling tip-top all day. Lots of regular 'icebergs' know of the hot Bonox secret."



GETTING A BIRD'S EYE VIEW! Newsreel cameraman, Gordon Lloyd locks himself to the girders of the A.W.A. tower for a bird's-eye-view of Sydney. "News is where you find it," says Gordon, "and finding it is usually a pretty cold job... especially this weather. That's why I drop in for a hot Bonox now and then."



WAITING FOR HER "CUE." Backstage, golden-haired Joan Ashton waits for her "cue" in the cold, draughty "wings" of the theatre. Soon she'll be in the heat of the spotlights, the centre of all eyes. "Cold one minute, hot the next," says Joan, "yet it's extremely unusual for me to catch cold. A cup of Bonox now and then keeps the 'flu away."



**EAT IT and
DRINK IT
for a LI-FIT**



- ★ **HIGHLY CONCENTRATED**
- ★ **HIGHLY DELICIOUS**
- ★ **KEEPS YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE 'FLU LINE.**

Was I terrible?

By VIRGINIA FAULKNER

IT was a rainy spring afternoon when Hank Quarrier ran across Lois at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 58th.

"Oh, Lois, hello!" said Hank. "And how are you? How's your career?"

"Kind of imperceptible at the moment," said Lois. "I tried out for the maid in the Delamar show, but no soap. But maybe it's just as well. I've already played a maid, and I don't want to get typed."

"Tell me," Hank went on, coming to the matter really on his mind. "How's your aunt?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? She's retiring. She's leaving the stage for good when 'The Charmed Wife' closes."

"Retiring? Cosima?" Hank laughed. "Oh, sure!"

"I know it sounds mad," admitted Lois. "But—well, you haven't seen her for quite a while, have you?"

"No," said Hank. "Why? She's not been sick or anything?"

"Oh, she's blooming, really. But the way she's been carrying on, you'd think ol' rocking chair'd got her."

Hank frowned. "You sound awfully blithe about it."

"Well, I'm not," said Lois. "Only what can I do? She was silent, looking really concerned."

"Look," she said at length. "Maybe you could talk some sense into her. If anybody could, you could. Why don't you come down for the week-end? To Cosima's? She still says you're her favorite person in all the world."

"M'm," said Hank. "Will there be a big gang?"

"Just Ray Malone and me. And maybe Dick Strike."

"Ray Malone? I don't think I—"

"He's a writer," said Lois. "He's working with Cosima on her autobiography."

"Well!" said Hank. And, after a moment, "What's this guy like?"

"Ray? Oh, he's—well, he's kind of hard to know, but he's really terribly brilliant. As a matter of fact, I introduced him to Cosima." She held out her hand. "Hank, I've got to fly. If you decide to come, just be backstage after the show to-morrow night. Then you can drive up with Ray and Cosima and me."

"Right," said Hank. "I'll be there."

During the twenty years or so that she had been a star, Cosima Lockwood had managed to defy practically everything, including description. Among other things, she had been compared to

a pillar of fire on a windy night, to a B-29 in a boudoir, to Niagara Falls flowing pink champagne.

In plainer English, Cosima was a very beautiful, very fascinating, very desirable woman, whose outstanding trait, however, was her amazing vitality.

While the public watched, goggle-eyed, Miss Lockwood tore up and down America, falling in and out of love, buying hats, appealing for funds, discovering "geniuses."

When Hank turned up at the theatre on Saturday night, her dressing-room was teeming with various forms of life.

Present, in addition to Lois, were Cosima's two Boxers, Eva and Kit, known—not without reason—as "the big girls;" Russell, an elderly but active rhesus monkey; La Flamme, a coquettish blue-eyed Siamese cat, and, rounding out the collection, a young male specimen of homo sapiens—Mr. Raymond Malone.

Hank had sorted himself out from Eva and Kit, and Lois introduced him to Ray. After which it was only a question of time before the subject of Cosima's autobiography came up.

"Has it a title yet?" Hank inquired.

"Was I Terrible?" Mr. Malone said woodenly.

"Because," Lois hurried to explain, "whenever Cosima opens in anything, she always says to everybody, 'Darling, was I—' It's good, isn't it?"

"It stinks," said Mr. Malone. "But it's commercial."

"The idea is," said Lois, "people'll buy the book because they'll think from the title it's got scandal in it. But actually it's going to be a social document. Because Ray sees Cosima as a symbol—an irrelevant orchid on the tree trunk of time."

"Come again,"

Hank said.

"He says she typifies an age," Lois rattled on; "the flabby, futile era where people

sat around on the nest of sterile plover's eggs that were laid by the Versailles dove of peace. So if—"

But at this point a crackle of applause heralded Cosima's return.

Hank instinctively braced himself. "Miss Lockwood," a critic had noted, "never walks into a room; she sweeps in like a carbonated tidal wave."

No words could have less aptly described Cosima's entrance. Drooping like a bargain-basement lily, she tottered to the dressing-table and slumped down with an exhausted sigh.

"Lois, dear," she murmured in a faint voice, "would you and Ray mind horribly waiting outside? And take Russell and La Flamme and the big girls, will you, dear? I've had two shows to-day, you know, and I'm utterly—ut-ter-ly—"

"Pushed," suggested Hank.

Cosima spun around in her chair. "Hank, darling! I didn't see you!" she cried, bounding up. "Were you hiding behind a screen or something? ... No, Eva, down! ... Darling, you look simply marvelous, you must come along for the week-end. Did you know I've got a great pondful of ducks? Such sweets, Darling. I—"

"Hey, Cosima," cut in Lois. "We'll wait for you in the car."

"I'll wait outside with the kids, too," Hank said, and when Cosima flashed him a suspicious glance he added, "You're exhausted, you know. You want to be alone."

Please turn to page 4

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"Certainly I like Sunday, when I spend it like this," Hank said.

Its cleaner, brighter Taste means

cleaner, brighter teeth!

Smoother, richer-foaming

New Peppodent toothpaste with Irium

removes the film that makes your teeth look dull.



PT. 38, 629

THE SECRETS IN THE 333 BLEND



STATE EXPRESS
333

"333's Always Please"



COSIMA tossed

aside the Sunday drama section, and contemplated more closely the fine sweep of lawn which led downhill from her house to the pond.

"I don't know why I live here," she fumed, twisting up from her chair. "The whole place is a mass of fake nooks and pseudo-rusticity." As she stalked back and forth, Hank, sitting watching her, reflected that it was the first display of anything approximating normal behaviour on Cosima's part since he had left the theatre the night before.

When she had rejoined them, after changing, she had stepped into the station wagon as if it were an iron lung, and not once during the forty-mile drive had she lapsed from her impersonation of a broken blossom.

Since Hank had found this performance as unconvincing as it was uncharacteristic, he was enormously cheered when Cosima—possibly owing to the absence of any audience save himself—emerged from her artificial dotage.

"Sunday—the horror day!" she declared. And when Hank greeted this pronouncement with a yawn, "I suppose you like Sunday."

"Sure," said Hank. "When I spend it like this."

"Darling!" She turned towards him impulsively. "I was so delighted when you turned up last night. It's such a luxury to be with someone who doesn't treat me as if I were a backward two-year-old. You can't know! People are so—." She gestured helplessly. "Don't you ever wish you'd lived when people didn't know so much?"

"Do they?" "You'd think so if you'd been reading the book I have. It's one of those science compendiums that explain everything in layman's language."

"May I ask what brought on this sudden yen to study science? Did someone give you the book, or what?"

Cosima nodded. "Ray Malone," she said. "He was appalled when I let drop I'd never understood how radios work. Or telephones either, for that matter."

"And so now you do?" "Don't be silly, darling. But then, Ray didn't expect me to. He says it's practically impossible to understand things like radio unless you're born and brought up with them from the cradle." She drew a deep breath. "Well, I mean, let's face it, Hank. I was born before these things really started."

"Oh?" said Hank. "Is that bad?" "Bad!" snarled Cosima. "Bad! It means that intellectually I'm living in the 'nineties; it means my mental approach is hopelessly dated." She rose and flung her arms wide. "I'm just a creature of yesterday, wandering dazed and alone in a world that belongs to to-morrow."

"Well, well," said Hank. "I knew Mr. Malone was working on your autobiography, but I didn't know he was writing your dialogue, too."

Cosima glared at him, opened her mouth to reply, and emitted a startling clap of laughter. But almost in the same breath she said, "Just the same, you can't laugh off being old."

"Old? What do you mean, old? You—"

Cosima shrugged. "After all, darling, my last birthday I couldn't see the cake for the candles."

"You know," Hank said thoughtfully. "I thought your performance last night was for Malone's benefit. I had it doped as good old Plot Situation Twenty-one—remember?—where the niece's beau falls for the fascinating aunt and the aunt snaps him out of it by making like a crone."

"Ho!" Cosima laughed. "Ray doesn't think of me except as a museum piece. He—well!" she shrugged. "Actually, you're not even right about his being Lois' beau."

"No kidding?" said Hank. He frowned. "That's funny. Girls don't promote jobs for casual acquaintances."

"Prince Cynical," sniffed Cosima. "Lois wasn't trying to promote a job for anyone. She knew Dick Strike had been after me to write this book, and she thought it would be very headache-saving if I had a collaborator."

Was I Terrible?

Continued from page 3

"Even so," said Hank, "why couldn't it be a romance?"

"Because, darling," said Cosima patiently, "Lois is engaged to a boy back in Fort Wayne. She's told me all about it. His father runs a hat factory." She turned towards the house. "Dick's coming over later on. Ray sent him the first batch of chapters last week and it seems he's got some suggestions to make."

"Tell me," said Hank, "what's Malone written?"

"Darling, I really don't know. Don't you see? When you ghost a book for someone, you have to agree not to—"

"In other words," cut in Hank, "you know nothing about this character. You just took him on Lois' say-so."

"Well, after all, darling, she's my own niece!" Cosima started walking back to the house.

While Cosima and Mr. Malone later were in a huddle with literary agent Dick Strike, Hank took the opportunity to have a little heart-to-heart chat with Lois.

"First," he said. "I'd like you to tell me a couple of things about your friend Malone. Has he ever done any ghost-writing before?"

Lois hesitated. "Well, not actually, but—"



"No? Cosima seemed to think so."

"Really? Well—well, she might have got that impression from—I remember now I just happened to remark, sort of speaking generally, that ghost-writers weren't supposed to tell what they'd written and—But I mean after all it isn't as if—"

"Lois, are you two kids engaged?"

"Why, who—Why, no! Certainly not."

"You're sure about that?"

Lois colored. "We were," she said slowly. "We're not now."

"You were? Did Cosima know anything about it?"

"No! I mean, yes, she did, but—"

"Oh, Hank, do we have to go into it?"

"I'm afraid we do, chum," said Hank, and he presently managed to extract a fairly coherent story.

It appeared that Mr. Malone was a Fort Wayne boy whose literary gifts hitherto had gone unrecognized, chiefly owing to the ambitions of his father. "Mr. Malone has this hat factory, and Ray never ever wears a hat, so you can imagine how they get along."

But Lois had always been much impressed with Ray, and as far back as high school days she had been his best girl and most constructive critic.

Eventually Malone senior agreed to allow his son six weeks in New York in which to prove his genius as a writer.

"But Ray hadn't got much done," Lois explained. "I mean he said New York was really too noisy for a writer. And then I was at this cock-

tail party, and I got to talking to Dick Strike, and he was saying how he'd been trying to get Cosima to write her autobiography. And I said I didn't know she could write, and he said they could always call in a ghost, so then it just sort of cropped up in my mind: Why not Ray? But Ray was against it because he said Cosima and her friends were just a selfish, cynical bunch of exhibitionists."

"Anyway," said Hank, "you finally won him over."

"The point was," said Lois. "I told him I'd fix it so he could live out here. So then I saw Cosima and I told her there was this brilliant young author who was simply pining to ghost her autobiography, and I was sure he'd do a wonderful job, only, of course, it would probably be a good idea if he stayed out here a while and sort of studied her in her native habitat. Cosima said it was sweet of me to want to help, but she really didn't have the slightest intention of writing an autobiography. But I brought Ray up to meet her, anyway, and—"

"And that did it," supplied Hank, wondering whether Lois realised her scheme would have come to naught if Mr. Malone hadn't happened to be a very good-looking young man.

"I'd still like to know," he added, "what your object was in leading Cosima to believe that Malone and your Fort Wayne fiancé were two different guys?"

"But, Hank, don't you see? If Cosima had known Ray was just my boy-friend from back home, she'd have had her mind all made up about him. She wouldn't dream he could be any good."

"Well," said Hank, "wouldn't it have been a lot simpler just to tell Cosima your young man was looking for a place to park himself while he penned the Great American Whatever?"

"Ray may be a writer, but he's not a sponge," said Lois with spirit. "Why, he even resents my helping him. That's one of the reasons why we broke our engagement."

"And when did this take place?" asked Hank.

"Oh, it's been coming to a head for quite a while. The main thing is he doesn't want me to have a career. Because he says if I do I'll probably turn out to be just like Cosima."

"Oh does he?" muttered Hank. "Now, Hank, don't be like that!" said Lois. "If you start fussing at Ray, I warn you, he won't go on with Cosima's book. He's just looking for an excuse to get out of it now."

"Oh, he is, is he? Well, I expect Dick Strike will see to it he finds one. After I saw you on Friday," Hank added, "I talked to Dick."

Lois considered. "You mean Dick doesn't like what he's written? Cosima thought it was terrible?"

"Your aunt," said Hank, "has been a little too inclined to take Mr. Malone's word for things. That's what ails her. Until Mr. Malone came along, I doubt if Cosima had ever met a healthy male whom she failed to captivate inside of two minutes. So, naturally—"

"But, Hank, I've told you he was a hundred per cent allergic to Cosima. Why, even before they met, he—"

"Listen, missy," said Hank, "if you were a beautiful and famous actress, and you were told that a youth was just dying to ghost-write your autobiography, you might think a lot of things, but you certainly wouldn't think he was allergic to you! And then supposing after he'd got to know you, the guy was not only pointedly immune to your charms but constantly making cracks about 'superannuated stars' and 'dated ideas'—"

"But Ray was just talking!" burst out Lois. "He didn't mean Cosima. At least—at least, I don't think he did."

"In any case," said Hank, crisply, "your aunt feels that when he met her in person, Mr. Malone was bitterly disillusioned. And Cosima, being Cosima, she's now worked herself up to the point where she's perfectly convinced the whole world regards her as nothing but a raddled old hag. So now what are you going to do about it?"

Please turn to page 10



THE PURPLE PLAIN

They pushed on, Forrester in his determination barely conscious of the weight of the man on his back.

WHEN SQUADRON-LEADER FORRESTER, now stationed in Burma, is detailed to fly his tent mate BLORE to a new posting, he determines to make amends during the flight to both BLORE and his new navigator, CARRINGTON, for unreasonable conduct towards them.

He has actually been in a dangerous state of nervous tension, but a changed attitude has come since HARRIS, the medical officer, took him to visit a settlement of Burmese Christians, where he met beautiful English-educated ANNA.

The flight comes to an abrupt end when the aircraft catches fire through an oil leak, and Forrester is compelled to make a forced landing in wild trackless country.

Carrington is badly hurt, and as his chance of rescue seems remote, Forrester, against Blore's better judgment, determines that they will attempt to walk to safety, carrying Carrington.

NOW READ ON:—

ABOUT half-past nine that night they began to walk westward down the valley. Forrester and Blore had tied the bluish fowls like loose pads about Carrington's legs, making the ties with handkerchiefs and spare bootlaces from Blore's belongings.

Then Forrester slung the bag, the water bottle and the gas-mask case across Blore's shoulders and helped him fix the webbing and the revolver about his waist.

After that they got Carrington into a sitting position with his legs apart, and Forrester knelt down between them, on one knee, like a runner getting set for a race. Then Carrington put both arms over Forrester's neck and Forrester stood up, Blore holding Carrington from behind, so that he did not fall.

By moving deftly and quickly, Forrester kept the balance of the two

of them well forward, and in another second he was upright and holding Carrington's legs about the knees, lightly and strongly.

"Sit upright," he said. "As high as you can. Imagine I'm a camel or some such thing."

Carrington did not answer or make a sound.

"I'll walk in front," Blore said.

"It's exactly nine thirty-five!" Forrester called after him. "We'll stop in half an hour!"

Carrington was not heavy. There was some awkwardness in the bandaged legs, but after a time Forrester locked his hands across his waist, so that his arms were angled into greater stiffness and strength.

In his determination to succeed in what he was doing, he tried to force his mind completely beyond the world of the valley and the physical action that would take him across it. And in this way he began to think of Harris and Miss McNab and the girl as he had known them for the past three days, going back to the moment when Harris had found him by the pagoda, watching the lizard.

In a few moments the journey he was making was not the journey across the barren yellow valley in the moonlight with Carrington on his back, but the journey in the jeep with Harris, along the dusty bullock tracks and out to the plain.

So he pushed on, barely conscious of the weight of the man on his back, until he heard Blore in front of him, shouting. Forrester saw his fat face turned round, white in the moon.

"Sort of gully here! Look out! I'd better help you!"

Forrester came to where Blore was standing on the edge of a low ravine that sank to a depth of ten or twelve feet down steep banks of shale that were reddish-black in the now stronger, whiter light.

"Doubt if we'll get across," Blore said.

"Walk behind me."

"This is mad. You're liable to fall and then you'll both be hurt."

"I can't stand talking. Get behind me. Steady me."

"Much of this," Blore said, "and you'll be done."

"Shut up!" Forrester said.

He went slowly down the short slope of the ravine, digging the heels of his shoes into the crumbling sand and shale. He heard Blore floundering behind him, jungle boots slipping. The far side of the ravine came down at a shallower angle, and, carried by the impetus of coming down the steeper side, he went straight up it, driving his feet hard into loose sand, Blore pushing him from behind.

At the top of the slope he felt the first edge of his strength break; against the weight of Carrington and the gravity of the slope, his knees seemed suddenly like

By H. E. BATES

sponges. The weight of Carrington became very dead, pulling him back, and then, at the crest of the ravine, he pushed his head forward as if there were an invisible cord just in front of his face.

Then he made a frantic effort and pushed against it; and it was as if the cord, bearing the weight of Carrington, bit itself across his mouth, so that he could grip it with his teeth and pull himself free to the level sand.

He pulled himself straight with a tremendous effort that drew the cords of his neck painfully rigid, like wire; and then he began to walk forward again. Sweat had begun to run down his forehead and into his eyes, and he could not wipe it away. Behind him he heard Blore muttering long protests that he had not the strength to answer.

All the time Carrington did not speak a word. He clung silently to Forrester, like a child being carried

half-asleep to bed, too tired to protest any longer. And as he realised it, Forrester felt a return of strength. Behind him he heard Blore calling in a rather pompously aggrieved voice that he ought to rest. He did not answer.

He felt glad now that Blore was behind him. It gave him a sense of freedom, almost as if he and Carrington were alone. After the long dry season the sand was very hard, and sometimes extended in broad, rockless stretches for fifty yards or more, so that he found it as easy as walking on a seaside shore. And all the time his determination grew.

It hardened into conviction that he was never going to give up. He was not going to be beaten by heat or dust, or thirst or weakness. The fanatical plightedness that had sent him out over and over again in an effort to get himself killed was now going to keep him walking on and on in an effort to keep himself alive.

He was struck then by a sudden idea, and spoke to the boy.

"We land in two minutes," he said. "I'm going to find a rock and let you down on it. O.K.?"

There was no answer.

"Carrington!" He felt himself startled by the awful fear that the boy had died.

"Sir?" the boy said.

Forrester felt a sense of something greater than relief after fear. He touched one of Carrington's hands. It was warm and living.

"Are you all right up there?"

"Yes."

"Hear what I say?"

"Yes. I was half-asleep, though."

"As soon as I see a rock, I'll set you down."

"Fair enough," the boy said.

"Going into reverse," Forrester said. He stopped in front of a rock about three feet high, and then, backing gently on to it, set Carrington down, stooping until he could slide gently back to the rock.

"O.K.?" he said.

"Fine." Carrington swung his legs over until the rock supported them.

Forrester stood upright. His shoulders were stiff. He eased them by working them up and down, like a boxer. Blore was still twenty or thirty yards away, looking more than ever like an overburdened crab against the moon.

"I'm an awful nuisance," Carrington said.

"Wrap up," Forrester said. "I've just got my second wind."

Blore lay on the sand with the clatter of a soldier piling arms. He began rubbing his right foot.

"What's wrong?"

"Confounded rock. Twisted it over."

"Painful?"

"Not too bad. Awkward, really."

"Take your boot off."

Blore, fat and encumbered, tried to bend forward to his feet.

"I'll do it," Forrester said. "Lie back and rest." He began to unbuckle the jungle boot. "Lie right back."

Blore slowly lay back, his face upturned to the moon. Forrester took off the boot and rolled the sock down below the ankle, feeling the bone tenderly with his fingers.

"No swelling there," he said. "It's just corns."

Blore, unamused, did not speak.

"A little support won't hurt it," Forrester said. "Better bandage it now."

He took out his handkerchief and folded it into a triangle and bound it lightly over Blore's ankle. There was hardly enough support, but it was the best he could do.

Suddenly, looking at Blore's face in the moonlight, he was surprised to see that the moon lay over on his left hand. It meant that they had changed direction and were going a little southward.

He got up and walked over to Carrington. The boy, sitting listlessly, still seemed to be gripped by the numbness of delayed shock.

Thinking it better not to speak to him, Forrester sat down under the rock. He rested his back against it, his legs outstretched. The stiffness of his shoulders had eased and he shut his eyes.

Please turn to page 10

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THE BEST LAID SCHEMES

DAPHNE LANE was worried. She felt that, for a man in love, Harvey Graham was behaving in a most unusual way. She looked at her watch. He was already nearly half an hour late, and but for the fact that he had told her he might be a little late she would have left much earlier. But the longer she stayed the more difficult it was to leave, simply because Harvey had asked her to meet him in this odd haunt of his. He had chosen the place because it was somewhere on a direct line between her office and his own laboratory. He had also been influenced in his choice by his weakness for fresh seafoods, and there was nowhere in his opinion where you could get a chowder just like those in Sammy's place. That was all very well, but Sammy's place collected queer characters, some of whom looked decidedly "tough," others oddly eccentric.

She had suggested to Harvey that it was really no more trouble to meet him in town, but in his own stubborn way he had insisted on Sammy's place. There had been other strange symptoms in Harvey recently.

He had achieved a lot of publicity recently as one of the more brilliant of the younger scientists working on atomic bomb research.

Previously he had always run away from publicity. But there was something about Sammy's place that loosened his tongue; perhaps the food or perhaps the easy atmosphere of the place.

To Daphne it seemed that he was being indiscreet. Not only had he given interviews to the Press on his attitude to atomic bomb secrets, but he talked freely about it all with her in this place.

Just then he came in with his easy, assured manner, as though he were no more than a minute late. "Sorry, darling, I was held up at the laboratory. Important stuff coming up."

Daphne looked at his keen face that always seemed to have enthusiasm waiting to bubble up to the surface.

"I love you," he said with a smile and sat down.

"I love you, too," Daphne said. "But there is a limit."

He seemed surprised and then recovered himself. "Darling!" he said as he picked up the menu.

"You can't get around me that way," Daphne warned, trying rather unsuccessfully to be severe. "I refuse to be kept waiting here again. We'll meet in town in future."

His eyebrows lifted in their own particular way. "But, Daphne, my heart of hearts..."

Her hand touched his. "But don't you see, Harvey?"

"See what?"

"This isn't exactly the place to ask a girl to be alone for hours..."

"Half an hour," he corrected. "I really am sorry. I had some papers from Bertrand, developing an idea we had together. It really is something. I'm giving up my present job and going back to pure research."

Daphne almost wailed. "But our marriage. We're not going to put it off again?"

"No, sweetheart! But I must go back to the laboratory to-night and..."

"And stand me up?"

"No, not really. Bertrand is there looking over some notes of mine. He wouldn't even come out to eat. He's going away first thing to-morrow and we must finish up. I'll come and see you afterwards."

Daphne sighed. Then noticing that the waiter was hovering near, she said: "Go on! Give the order."

He laughed and looked down the menu. "By the way," he said, "I want you to take this briefcase home with you. It has Bertrand's notes and I'd like to look at them again to-night. If I keep them Bertrand might begin to refer to them and then there'd be no knowing when I might arrive."

"Sometimes," said Daphne, "I don't really know which you love the best, your atoms or me."

"I love my atoms," said Harvey with his finger on the menu. "You, apple of my eye, I adore."

The waiter's face showed not the slightest sign of hearing this nonsense. He was used to these two and probably thought them both slightly crazy.

Harvey gave their orders, and while the meal was coming Daphne held her own by telling him of her day at the office.

"Horrible," said Harvey. "I really must marry you to save you from that place."

But for all his banter, just as the waiter returned, he was back into a dissertation on some immense simplification in atomic developments that was in the offing if Bertrand's notes meant anything.

Then, it seemed almost before she had time to savor to the full the few precious moments together, he was seeing her into a taxi. When he was gone down the narrow dark street, she could have cried with frustration.

She was feeling utterly miserable when she let herself into her flat and switched on the light. Then she gasped with shock.

There, leaning against the wall was a rough-looking man who seemed to have been waiting for her arrival. A cigarette dropped, half-smoked, from the corner of his mouth; one hand was in his pocket and in the other hand was a small automatic.

Daphne, after the first gasp of shock, instinctively tightened her grip on the briefcase and stepped back to the door.

"Don't move," said the man quietly. "And don't open your mouth." He moved quickly behind her and shut the door.

"Give me that case!" he said.

"No!"

Thrusting the small pistol hard against her stomach he wrenched the case from her grip and tossed it on a chair. He pointed to another chair. "All right, sit down, and be quick."

Facing him, staring and scared, Daphne sat down.

"Cross your hands behind the chair," said the man.

Then he was behind her and with a quick movement he stuffed a gag in her mouth and knotted another cloth, to hold the gag, round her neck. Then cords cut into her wrists as he tied them. He came round to the front pulling another cord from his pocket to bind her to the chair.

Now he seemed nervous and Daphne suddenly realised that he was probably as scared as she was in spite of assumed nonchalance at first. He fumbled the last tying and had to reknott the cord but, when he had done that, Daphne could not move, and the cord on her wrists was cutting painfully into her skin.

The man went swiftly to the window, looked through the curtains; he went to the door, opened it cautiously and looked out, apparently growing more and more panicky as he moved.

Finally grabbing up the case, he emptied the papers, rammed them inside his buttoned coat and disappeared into his kitchen. A gusty draught told her he knew of the kitchen balcony on the fire-escape.

By DAY RUSSELL

At this point Daphne fainted. When she came to, she was lying on her settee, her wrists were little circlets of fire and muscles in her arms and shoulders were strings of pain.

There were footsteps behind her. "Ha!" said a very familiar voice. "There you are. Drink this." Harvey raised her head and put a glass to her lips.

"Harvey!" she whispered. "The papers?"

"That's all right," he said with an incomprehensible cheerfulness. "Forget about that and drink this."

"But, Harvey, your papers are stolen." Then with a slight hysteria words rushed from her. "I knew you shouldn't have talked in that place. I'm sure it all started there." "The papers don't matter. They're fakes."

"Harvey, what do you mean?"

"Never mind that. Are you sore?"

"Awfully. I wonder how long..."

He interrupted her. "About ten minutes. You see, I was next door. We had to let him get away."

"Sometimes, I don't really know which you love the best, your atoms or me," Daphne said, laughing.

The words hit Daphne like an electric shock. She sat up sharply. "Harvey? Do you mean..." Words failed her.

He raised a hand to restrain her indignation. "Now, darling, one thing at a time."

Daphne rubbed her red circled wrists with a dangerous quietness. Then she got to her feet, realisation surging up and hurting her as she had never been hurt before.

Harvey, who had pretended that he loved her, had been deceiving her in some way for his own ends or for someone else. All the pattern of the past weeks was becoming clear, the loud talk, the professed love for the intimate dinners at Sammy's, the forcing of the conversation.

"You needn't say anything," she said.

He caught her shoulders and forced her round again.

"You've got to listen to me. I didn't fix it. It was the police. Listen to me, Daphne! They had an idea someone was trying to find out more than they should and they wanted to set a trap. It began with those Press interviews, and the brilliant young scientist stuff."

"They suggested I should make Sammy's place a rendezvous, and generally play a part as if big things were breaking. They made me keep it up until they had evidence I was being closely tabbed by someone other than themselves. Meanwhile they put in one of their own men as caretaker here, to keep track of you."

He paused, but Daphne remained ominously silent, so he went on speaking.

"To-night was the big climax. Even your taxi driver was a detective. The Bertrand papers seemed a haul worth the risk of coming into the open. The police have a trail to follow now. That is all they wanted. We're through."

Daphne avoided his eyes and pushed herself away from his arms.

"You're right, Harvey," she said. "We're through."

He stared at her, seeing how different her meaning was from his. "What do you mean, Daphne?"

"We're through, that's all." Her voice was tired. "You did a pretty good job for the police. You did a good job of deceiving me. Not a good beginning for a marriage, is it?"

The hurt look in his eyes followed her as she moved away from him. "But Daphne, they wouldn't let me tell you."

"You'd better ask them to find you a wife then who doesn't mind being treated as a dummy. That man had an automatic. He might... he might have shot me."

"But we were next door in case..."

"It wouldn't have helped me if you had arrested him after the had shot me."

She saw that she had broken his customary air of easy mastery into a bewildered puzzlement. "But Daphne," he protested "you must listen to me. Don't you see? It isn't just a matter of me or you. This thing might mean the lives of millions of people."

Daphne's voice was tired, as though she had been hurt more deeply than she cared to admit. "I understand that. You only forget that if you had asked me to help you... to be a partner... it would have been different."

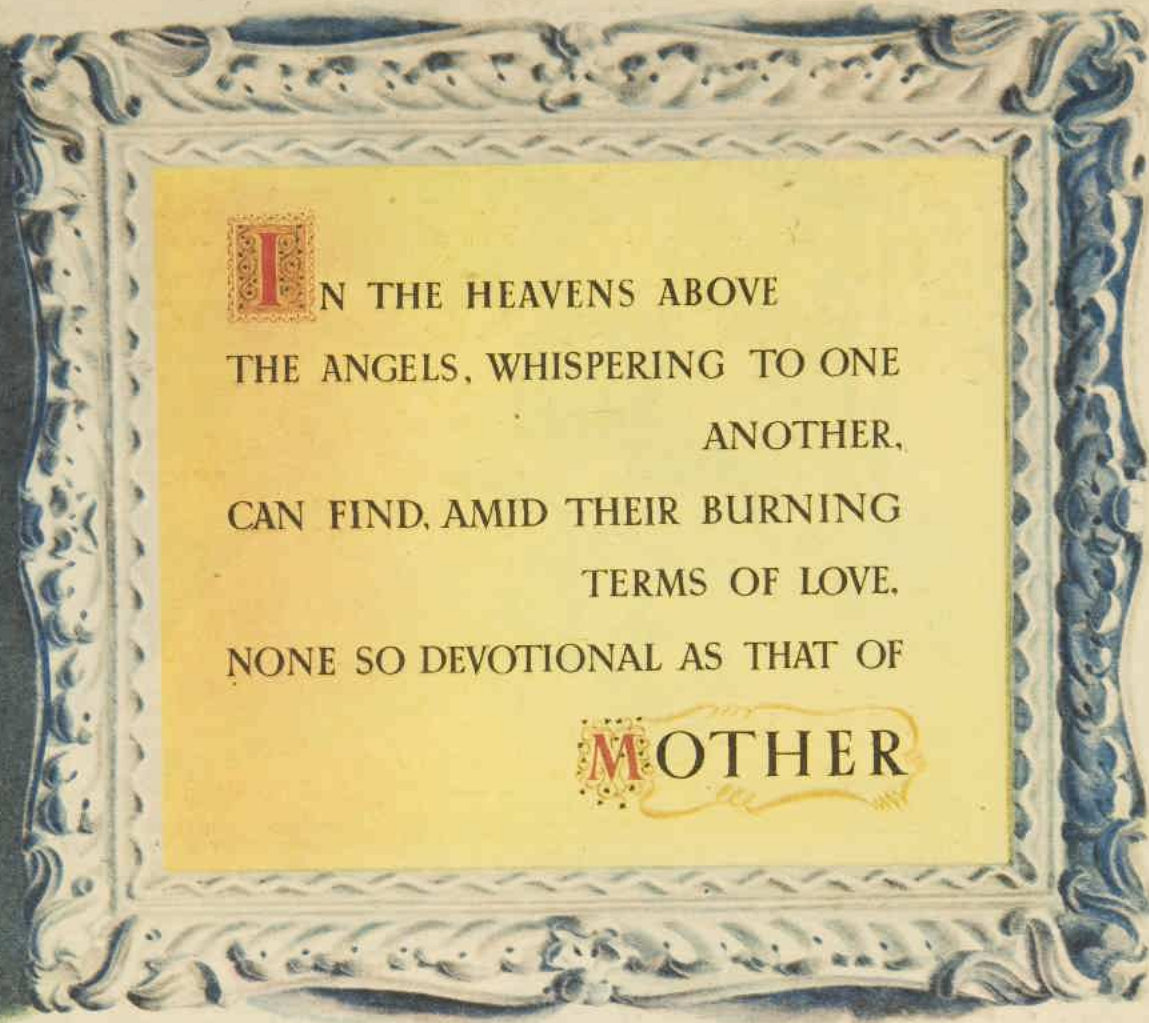
"But they wouldn't let me. And this is the sort of thing where a girl couldn't help."

She flared up at this typically male statement.

"A girl help you! A girl is supposed to be able to understand all the moods and whims of a man for a lifetime of marriage, but when it comes to the very first opportunity to help you I am not good enough to help intelligently. I can only help by being exposed to burglary, shock, and a loaded gun..."

Her hurt was spilling out in anger and in another moment she might have been in tears, and in his arms, but Harvey just looked at her queerly. Then without another word he turned and went out.

Please turn to page 28



IN THE HEAVENS ABOVE
THE ANGELS, WHISPERING TO ONE
ANOTHER,
CAN FIND, AMID THEIR BURNING
TERMS OF LOVE,
NONE SO DEVOTIONAL AS THAT OF
MOTHER

MOTHER'S DAY, MAY 9th, 1948

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The Plaster Boy

By . . .
ANNE SHOLTO

MRS. SPENLOWE was prepared—no, determined—to like Arabella—in spite of her absurd name; in spite of never having heard of her until this morning; in spite of her stepping out of the car wearing—good heavens!—brown corduroy slacks.

But, coming up the path from the gate with Nigel, Arabella unfortunately noticed the little statue in the middle of the lawn, a plaster boy balancing a bird-bath on his shoulder. She stood stock still and laughed.

She laughed at Mrs. Spenlowe's beloved Plaster Boy!

"It can't be real," Arabella cried in her gay, clear voice. "It's too ridiculous. Nigel, you should have warned me!"

"I certainly should," said Nigel grimly. "Oh, there you are, darling," he called, catching sight of his mother. He grabbed Arabella unceremoniously. "Come on."

With a backward glance at the statue, Arabella followed him.

"Oh Mrs. Spenlowe," she said, not even waiting to be introduced. "Where did you get it? And how old is it?"

"Shut up," said Nigel, looking embarrassed. "It's been there for ages. Excuse her, darling," he apologized to his mother. "She's an artist. Crazy as they go—"

"Why, of course," murmured Mrs. Spenlowe, somewhat ambiguously, and trying very hard to pull herself together. "How do you do, Arabella? So glad you could come, my dear."

"It's perfectly sweet of you to have me, Mrs. Spenlowe," said Arabella, remembering her manners with an almost visible effort. "And at such short notice, too."

She pushed her long golden hair back behind her ears—it was extraordinarily untidy, though, as Mrs. Spenlowe was bound to admit, extraordinarily beautiful hair. Mrs. Spenlowe noted that she wore no stockings and that there were three pencils protruding from the breast pocket of her tweed jacket.

And Nigel has always been such a tidy boy, thought Mrs. Spenlowe in bewilderment. Of course, there may be nothing in it—except that he has never brought a young woman home like this before.

Mrs. Spenlowe adjusted her voice and announced that tea was all ready.

They all went into the drawing-room and had tea. That is to say Mrs. Spenlowe and Nigel ate the excellent oven scones and crunchy biscuits and drank two cups of tea apiece. Arabella said that she'd rather just have tea, if nobody minded.

Mrs. Spenlowe, who had baked the scones and biscuits specially after she had got Nigel's telegram, said that of course she didn't mind that Arabella must make herself quite at home.

"Oh, thank you—I will," said Arabella, smiling her lovely, absent-minded smile. And Nigel was so patently delighted and grateful to his mother that her heart sank.

Could there be anything in it? She wondered again as she went off to the kitchen. Oh, surely not. She had hoped so much that Nigel would take an interest in Nancy, from the vicarage. Such a sweet girl, suitable in every way and with the lightest hand at pastry.

It was a relief at least to pour out her worries to her husband while she was dressing for dinner. The doctor had just got in from his evening surgery, and had not yet seen Arabella.

"So I thought I'd just wear this little blue frock in case she hasn't changed," finished Mrs. Spenlowe.

applying a discreet touch of rouge. "Really, darling, she's quite capable of appearing at dinner in those slacks. If you'd seen her standing there in the path laughing at my plaster boy—my sweet statue—"

Dr. Spenlowe came over to her and kissed her gently. "There, darling, there—"

"It's only that I want everything perfect for Nigel," she said in a choked voice. "I couldn't bear it if he made a mistake—"

"I know, dear, I know. But he must choose for himself, remember—I did."

She smiled at him, feeling better, and patted her hair.

"Oh well, I suppose it is old-fashioned—the plaster boy I mean. But no one has laughed at it before. You should see the children looking through the gate at it. And only the other day Nancy told me she thought it was sweet."

"Nancy?" he repeated.

"The Vicar's Nancy, the second girl. She's home for good now you know, and comes round here a lot. I've seen her looking at Nigel and I'd begun to hope . . . Such a charm-

luggage, she was utterly beautiful. She turned when she heard his steps. "Oh," she said softly. "I thought you were Nigel for a moment. You're his father—you must be. He's exactly like you."

Mrs. Spenlowe, coming in at the end of this speech, realised at once of course, that now she must play a lone hand.

Arabella behaved very well all through dinner. She told them (what they were dying to know but couldn't ask) about her people.

Her father, it appeared, was a regular Army officer, at present in Germany.

"Mum's there, too, of course. She goes everywhere with him. He was in the Middle East during the war, and she got a job in a hospital and tagged along. They're passionately in love still and can't bear to be separated."

"But what about you?" asked Mrs. Spenlowe hastily. "Passionately in love" indeed, she thought, feeling hot down to her toes.

"Oh, I'm self-supporting, always have been," said Arabella casually. "I like it that way."

Mrs. Spenlowe looked at her but could find nothing to say. Poor child, no home, no background; that would account for a lot, of course. But why couldn't their Nigel, their one ewe lamb, have picked a nice ordinary girl?

That night after she had gone to her room Nigel came up with a hot drink, as he always did when he was at home.

"You don't like her, mummy, do you?" he said quietly, sitting down on the bed.

"Of course I do," she insisted heartily. "Anyway it's not whether I like her or not—"

"But it is, darling. That's just it. She knows how much you mean to me—you and dad—and swears she won't marry me until she's sure you both approve."

"Has she refused you then?" cried Mrs. Spenlowe indignantly.

"Turned me down flat. Several times."

"How dare she!"

"She dares all right." He gazed out of the window, looking—Mrs. Spenlowe thought with compunction—older than his father for a moment.

"I'll try to do better, darling," she murmured lamely, but he just

She was startled out of her reverie by a voice behind her saying, "Ah, you must be Arabella."

smiled and kissed her and went off without a word.

Oh dear! That was dreadful. That was the worst of being so close, such a devoted, united little family. She couldn't even pretend to like Arabella, either, because it wasn't a scrap of use—Nigel always knew.

At two o'clock Mrs. Spenlowe had not closed an eye. The grandfather clock was striking the hour when she heard a sound, the sound of light footsteps. She got up and went downstairs. There was Arabella crossing the hall, apparently alone.

Caught in a shaft of moonlight from the tall, uncurtained window, she looked like a lovely disembodied spirit. She was still wearing the white dress, with an old tweed coat

of Nigel's, which usually hung in the cloakroom, across her shoulders.

She said in a quite matter-of-fact way, "Hullo, Mrs. Spenlowe. I've been down looking at the pigsty. It's too perfect—all that whitewash and the apple tree leaning over it, such lovely, lovely black shadows in the moonlight. I'm going to try it in charcoal, I think, when I go back."

"The pigsty?" murmured Mrs. Spenlowe faintly.

Arabella nodded. Suddenly she yawned and dropped Nigel's coat casually on to a chair. "Oh, I'm dead. Good night, Mrs. Spenlowe," she said, and went on upstairs.

Please turn to page 28

Page 9



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The Purple Plain

Continued from page 5

OPENING his eyes presently, Forrester looked at his watch. They had been resting twenty minutes. He turned over the idea of asking Carrington and Blore if they needed a drink of water, and then decided against it.

His own mouth was dry, though not actually terribly dry, with the heat of afternoon, the taste of fire, and the exertion of walking.

Then, as he sat there, he had something like an inspiration. He remembered how, as a boy, he had gone to stay with an uncle on a Suffolk farm in harvest time and how in the August heat, in the dry eastern fields, the laborers had taught him to suck a pebble to quench his thirst.

He crawled about on his knees in the sand. In places the rock flaked off in waters of blackish brown, and sometimes the action of water had smoothed it down to flatish tablets about the size of pennies. He put one of them in his mouth.

"Ready to go in three minutes," he said. The inside of his mouth was quite wet.

Blore did not answer, and Forrester felt a renewal of antagonism in the silence.

"How's my passenger?" he said. "Fit," Carrington said.

Forrester moved closer to the boy. "You're doing all right," he said. "This thing will get your weight down, and after the war you can be a jockey."

"To-morrow I can walk."

"Think so?"

"Nothing to it."

"All right. To-morrow you walk," Forrester said, "and I'll ride."

He knew that the boy would not walk. His face, almost shell-like in the moon under the still smooth, oiled hair, seemed fantastically young. He remembered all at once how he had first seen it and how, because it represented something else, he had blazed at it with stupid hatred.

Now, in a curious way, he began to feel attached to it. Already it had begun to be close to him. He stood upright, stretching himself. He measured an inch or two over six feet, and beside him, sitting on the rock, Carrington seemed light and shrunken.

"Jockey up," Forrester said. "All set?"

"All set," Carrington said.

"With Carrington up, the Burma Derby starts with a splendid rush out in the bushes." He heard Carrington laugh.

"I may as well say again that I think this is mad," Blore said.

"You may as well. But it'll make no difference," Forrester began to walk away, carrying Carrington.

"You slip on a rock and break your ankle, and then where are you?"

"Ah, then where? . . . Tell him, Carrington."

"Giddup!" Carrington said.

"The horse is a domestic quadruped," Forrester said, "sometimes given to kicking with its back legs. It can't talk."

Walking ahead of Blore, Forrester let his mind wander once again in a state of dreamy obsession. He lumbered forward for ten or fifteen minutes in this way, not speaking, simply sucking the pebble in his mouth.

He felt fresh and strong, and Carrington did not seem very heavy. The rocks were more conorted, but more scattered now, and there were long stretches of scrubless sand.

Then he became aware of the moon glaring full into his face.

"Carrington," he said. "Jockey."

"Sir?" the boy said. "Horse?"

"Do some navigating for your living. Look at the moon. What do

you make the course?"

He felt Carrington turning a little on his back.

"South southeast. Roughly."

"South southeast it is."

"That's good."

"Good as it can be. What's the odds, jockey?"

"Depends on the horse."

"The horse is going good. It depends on the jockey."

"Evens?" the boy said.

"The horse can do better. Call it two to one."

The few minutes of banter refreshed him. They kept him from thinking and helped him forward. After them, he was aware also of being much closer to Carrington. They had begun to talk the same language. There was not the same feeling with Blore.

Once Forrester turned and stopped for a second, looking back. Forty or fifty yards behind, Blore was dragging one foot in the sand.

Looking ahead, he could see by the fringe of trees how the valley, four or five hundred yards ahead, made a further turn southeastward. He decided to walk closer to the inner edge of the trees.

Presently he was walking only fifteen or twenty feet from the forest, by the fringe of stunted bamboo, the after crop of the rains, withered and yellow and brittle now, that the floods of the monsoon would smash and sweep away.

He turned to look for Blore, and saw, to his astonishment, that Blore had not followed him. He was still walking alone, out in the middle of the valley, dragging his foot

Out of the corner of his eye Forrester watched him. They were walking parallel to each other now, and almost on the same line across. He did not stop or call to Blore, and Blore, in turn, did not change his course. They continued in this way, separated by forty or fifty yards.

Forrester knew that this could not go on. It had to be spoken about when they rested.

Five or six minutes later Forrester lowered Carrington, as he had done before, slowly letting him alight from his back into a sitting position on a rock. He walked round for a few moments, working his shoulders, and then looked across the valley for Blore. Blore did not stop.

"Blore!" Forrester called. "Blore!" Blore did not make a sign that he had heard. He continued walking down the centre of the valley.

Astonished, not speaking and a little troubled, Forrester sat down under the rock by Carrington.

"The silly blighter's walking on by himself," the boy said. "Can't have heard. He'll stop," said Forrester. "Nothing to worry about. How's the jockey?"

"Good. How's the horse?"

"Could do with a feed of cold beer. Otherwise champing the pebble," Forrester said. "How are the legs?"

"I'd swap them for something useful."

"I'll see what I've got to spare in my playbox. Brown gave me a knife this morning. That's useful. Or a picture of a blonde?"

"Thanks," Carrington said. "I always keep a spare one handy."

Please turn to page 15

Was I Terrible?

Continued from page 4

LOIS produced a fine set of hemming and hawing noises.

"I suppose you mean," she brought out at last, "I've got to tell her Ray and I were engaged."

Hank considered. "With all due respect to you," he said carefully, "I'm afraid Cosima might find that a—uh—an inadequate explanation for Mr. Malone's indifference."

"But if I said he just plain couldn't stand her?"

"Listen," he said. "I've always found that when Cosima has got it into her head that things are a certain way, it's easier to explain the situation as she sees it than to convince her such a situation never existed."

"But how can you explain away something that's imaginary?" Hank grinned. "By an imaginary explanation," he said simply.

Hank tapped lightly on Cosima's door. "I hope I'm not disturbing you," he said, as he shut the door after him.

Cosima snapped off the radio. "Oh, that's all right. I was only listening to the ball game and trying on hats. What's that you've got there?"

"This? Just a martini."

"You might have brought me one."

"But Lois said you had a headache."

"Pooh," Cosima took a swallow of the cocktail. "I had to tell the poor child something; she'd just been laying bare her soul and I simply couldn't keep a straight face a second longer." She gave out with a sudden loud guffaw.

"Tell me," said Hank. "I can't stand suspense."

"My niece," said Cosima, "is the scheming mix of all time. She's just confessed to me that Ray is actually none other than Prince Hat

Factory. And that's not the half of it. Guess what's been ailing poor Prince Hat Factory?"

"Has something been ailing him? I didn't think there was anything wrong with the lad—anything, that is, that Father Time couldn't cure."

"Hank, do you know what Lois told him? She told him I was sixty-seven!"

Hank sat down abruptly. "Cosima, but what possible reason—"

"Because, darling, she was terrified that Ray would fall in love with me."

"But, Cosima," protested Hank, "how could he believe it? Why, one look at you and—"

"Darling, Ray's just a country boy. And Lois swore to him she'd seen in the family Bible I was born in eighteen-seventy-something, and after all, it's a tradition that actresses always are years older than they admit. Honestly, darling, the more you think about it, the funnier it gets."

"Cosima," said Hank, "I feel an insane desire to say something banal. Will you marry me?"

"Darling! You're not serious."

"There's an easy way to find out."

"But, darling, we couldn't. I mean, we'd never really get on."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, I've always thought you behaved viliely about poor Harry Peary when we nearly got married two years ago."

"Nuts, my queen," said Hank impatiently. "You know as well as I do a city apartment's no place to bring up an adolescent polar bear. And you were going on tour as soon as we were married, if you recall. I mean you could hardly expect me to back it with—"

"Anyway," said Cosima, "you might at least have consulted me about which zoo."

"So we live and learn," said Hank. "Next time I will."

(Copyright)

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Mary Hordern's RENOVATIONS . . .



● Give the coat a new outline by cutting it a little shorter and darting it severely at the waist to give the nipped-in look. Remove buttons below the waistline to allow extra full look over the hips.



● Make a more elaborate change by buttoning the coat right to the neckline, cutting off the collar and lapels. With a check cravat to match full check skirt, you have a completely different outfit.



● If you prefer it, retain one lapel and face it with deeper-toned material to match new buttons. In each case the darting will be necessary to alter the basic line, and coat will need to be shortened.



You have a Suit



● Barrel skirts are news, so make your old skirt into this newer type, and at the same time lengthen it by adding a band of velvet, cut on the bias and with the seams sloping inward to the hemline.



● Slit the skirt of your frock to the waistline and insert two panels of velvet, back and front, narrow at the waist, wide at hem. Add a deep hem of velvet and cuffs and collar to match to complete the transformation.



● Keep the frock's slim line, but insert wide waistband of tartan material to gain added length. Cut the waistband to give nipped-in look. Have matching cuffs. Turn up the neck of frock and cut off the collar.



An old black frock



● Three bands of deeper-toned green material cut on the cross and let into your coat at the waist, and above and below it, will give not only added length, but a new silhouette as well.



● By adding a narrow and a wide band to the skirt of your tailored coat, you can achieve both added length and a wider flare to be in step with the new fuller hemline. Add a tiny collar to match the bands.



● A most revolutionary change for the straight tailored coat can be gained by making it three-quarter length, and pulling it in tightly at the waistline with a belt in a contrasting color to match the skirt.



A Tailored Coat

Dorothea Johnston



INSIDE ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH. Cedar pews originally had gates, backs five feet high. They were cut down to present level in 1855. To preserve superb stained-glass windows, they were dismantled and stored during war.



VIEW FROM BELL TOWER. Rectory (middle distance) is fine example of Georgian domestic architecture. Windsor (in distance), population 4000, falls to half full noble church. General attendance is 50 morning, 100 evening.

Australian church receives English legacy



BELL TOWER. The Rector, the Rev. R. T. Hallahan, climbs spiral staircase, wall stairs, and finally ladder to inspect bell of his 128-year-old church. On comparatively high ground for flat Windsor, the church housed homeless people in great flood of 1867.

● St. Matthew's Church, Windsor, N.S.W., one of the most historic churches in Australia, will be able to receive urgently needed repairs because of the will of an Englishwoman. She is Miss Henrietta Rosa Blake, who left St. Matthew's "a sum not exceeding £1000 sterling." Her mother, Henrietta Fitzgerald, a Windsor girl whose family were big landholders in the district, married Captain W. H. Blake, R.N. Full cost of restoring this beautiful old church is estimated at £5000.



TOURISTS, architectural students, artists, and historians visit church. Here some visitors look at tablet erected by Miss Blake to mother's memory. Pictures by staff photographer Tim Wilson.



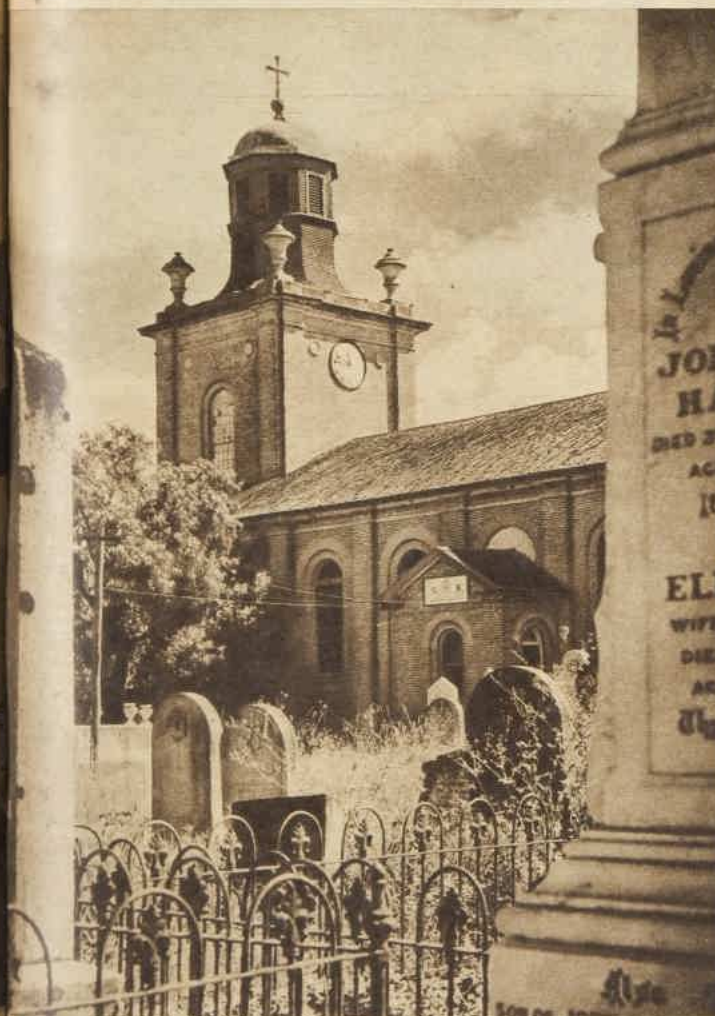
CALLING the congregation to service. Kevin Drake is official bell-ringer and organ pumper. Walls of tower, where he pulls bell-rope, are covered with names scored into plaster. Oldest is A. Sly, 1820.



CLOCK for past 60 years has been charge of Windsor-born 84-year-old Henry Hayes, who has local watch and bicycle repair business.



JUNIOR CHOIR sing at morning service, seniors at night. Pipe organ was the first built in Sydney, until end of last century was in now-disused choir gallery.



AN ARCHITECTURAL GEM, designed by Francis Greenway, St. Matthew's was convict-built of hand-made red bricks, now faded pink, during great building period of Governor Macquarie. Shingle roof urgently needs attention.



RECTOR shows original flooring of pews, now rotten. Part of willed money will be spent on repairs to the floor.



BIBLE held by Rector was presented to St. Matthew's by King George IV. He also gave clock for church tower.



OLDEST GRAVE is dated 1810. Before foundation stone was laid in 1817, area was used as burial ground. Surrounding district supports market gardens, citrus orchards, and dairies. Windsor itself is slowly becoming industrialised.

Queen for a Day!

A fitting tribute to the "Queen of our Hearts," Mother. On Mother's Day give her Slippers by Knight for rest and relaxation, with the soothing support of a perfect fit. Four fascinating new styles in a glorious colour range—at all leading stores.



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Interesting People



AIR COMMODORE E.H. FIELDEN
...captains King's Flight

AUSTRALIAN aerodromes have been receiving close inspection from Captain of the King's Flight, Air Commodore E. H. Fielden, in a survey of route of Royal visit. He's forty-five, and has reputation of being safest pilot in R.A.F. He has small daughter and son, who is godson of the King. Looks forward to being here again next year.



MISS CLAIRE SIMPSON
... still studying hard

IN London now, after study at Juilliard Graduate School of Music, New York, Claire Simpson, scholarship violinist from Sydney, is having private lessons from famous teacher Max Rostal. Plans to return to Australia as soon as she can. "I feel," she says, "Australian artists should return to help Australia build up a cultural life which will allow musicians to reach the highest standards without studying overseas."



MR. MANUEL A. ALZATE
... from Philippines

FIRST Consul-General for the Philippines to Australia and New Zealand, Mr. Manuel A. Alzate, left post of Presidential Secretary of Senate, one of the most important executive positions in Philippine Administration, to come to Australia. Graduate of Philippine School of Commerce, he took Bachelor of Laws degree in Manila. Principal work in Australia will be development of trade and shipping between the two countries. His wife, a prominent feminist, is also a graduate.

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 10

WITH rather trembling fingers, Carrington began unbuttoning the breast pocket of his bush jacket. Forrester knew what was coming—the note-case, the wad of photographs carefully preserved.

"There she is," Carrington said. There was only one photograph, after all.

Forrester saw a picture, head and shoulders, of a girl of nineteen or twenty, dark-eyed, with an expression decent, candid, and tender. She had masses of lovely medium-dark hair that fell softly and loosely about her shoulders.

"This must be the other girl," Forrester said. "The dark one." Teasing and cheerful again, he forgot Blore. "Terribly nice," he said.

"You're married, aren't you?" the boy said.

"No." He suddenly found himself talking about it for the first time. "I was." He began telling the boy how his wife had died. It seemed very simple now. The boy did not answer.

"All linked up with that awful reception I gave you when you first came," Forrester said. "It's over now." He gave Carrington the photograph back and said, "What's her name?"

"Sonia." "I'm sorry I've got nothing better in my playbox." He looked at his watch; there were ten minutes still to go; already he felt rested. "How will she feel about marrying a jockey?"

"She'll love it. Every Saturday night we'll invite the horse for dinner."

Forrester got up at last and stared down the valley after Blore. He had completely disappeared. Irritated and slightly perturbed, he remembered that Blore had with him the entire stock of water and comforts, such as they were.

Thinking of it, he manoeuvred Carrington on to his back, staggering with a little more difficulty than before because Blore was not there to steady Carrington's weight behind him.

The moon was full on his face as he walked on, keeping a line four or five yards from the shadow of stunted bamboo. Ahead of him, the valley was empty; there was no sign of Blore.

They did not speak much during the whole of that third march, and it did not occur to him until they rested again that it was Carrington and not he who was getting tired. Even then he did not realise it fully. He began to be more worried about Blore.

While Carrington rested, he walked out into the middle of the main stream bed, from where he could see clearly, under a moon that was now very high, four or five hundred yards along the valley. But nothing moved there, and he began suddenly to think that Blore had fallen down.

Forrester began to walk about, shouting Blore's name. He shouted several times, then gave it up and walked slowly back to Carrington.

"How fit do you feel?" Forrester asked.

"Not too bad." "Could you go on? I mean now. At once. I've got a feeling we ought."

"Blore?" "I can't think where he's got to."

"I'm always fit if you are," Carrington said. "If you can do it, I can."

The words, which Forrester was to remember several times later on, brought back his own conviction and faith in himself and what he had set out to do. To the single idea of walking was now added the single idea of finding Blore.

After ten minutes' rest, he got Carrington on to his back and began to go forward again. This time he locked his hands hard over his stomach. It seemed to compress and then destroy the feeling of emptiness. He was able to talk to Carrington once more in the old bantering way.

"How are the odds?" he said. "Two to one. Two for us and one for Blore."

"Convalescence is doing you good."

"Say 'convalescence' again."

Because of the pebble, he spoke as if with a mouthful of ripe plums.

"Vonvasch — convasch —" he began, and both of them began laughing.

"Shut up!" Forrester said. "I shall swallow my pebble."

Carrington sat up a little, coughing the last gust of laughter out of himself, and then was silent. He remained silent for perhaps half a minute, and then gave a violent exclamation.

"Look!" he cried. "Look!"

Forrester stopped staring ahead. The boy was frantically pointing with his two hands. And Forrester saw not Blore, as he half expected, but something else. He understood why the boy was so frantic and why he was using both hands.

Two hundred yards ahead of them the valley split into a fork. Two valleys branched out now like the arms of a catapult, the forest a dark triangle between.

"This is something they didn't brief us about," he said.

Gently and in astonishment he lowered Carrington down. He made Carrington comfortable under a rock, propped up, facing the two valleys. Then he tied a handkerchief to a rod of bamboo, like a flag, and stuck it in the sand. It would mark the place for him. Blore had to be found.

"I'm going to search each valley for an hour," he said. He reasoned that Blore could not be more than half an hour ahead. "Get some sleep if you can."

Forrester decided to take the valley to the left. He went ahead, searching for Blore's tracks, knowing it would just be amazing luck if he had picked the correct valley for his first attempt, at searching. When presently he saw the tracks, the sight of them stopped him dead.

He began to walk after them. He was angry, and yet he knew that it was no use being angry.

"Blore!" he shouted. "Blore!"

All the time he pressed back his anger. And then, unreleased, it gradually hardened into determination—determination to find Blore, to put things right, to go on, to make a fresh plan, to keep to it, to defeat the things they were up against.

Now, as he went on again, mechanically shouting at intervals and stopping and listening for the answer that did not come, he found energy and strength and faith once again hardening over his discouragement like a fanatical, thin, light shell.

About a quarter of a mile farther on he reached a shelf of rock. The undershell was hollowed out by water until the upper edge hung out like a slate eave. Stretching right across the falling valley, it could form a waterfall of six or seven feet in the monsoon.

Forrester stood where Blore's tracks came to the edge of it, and then called, "Blore!" His voice splintered about him. "Blore, where are you? Blore! You poor half-wit, where are you?" Then once more he pressed his anger back and waited for an answer.

To his astonishment, it seemed to come from almost under his feet. Fifteen or twenty yards under the shelf of rock, half in and half out of the shadow of it, he suddenly saw Blore lying on his face. It was as if the weight of his fantastic accountments had overbalanced him and plinned him down.

Forrester jumped off the ledge. As he went over, he felt his foot splinter the brittle shaly edge of it, and as he went forward, half balanced, on his knees and face, he knew how Blore had got there.

He picked himself up and knelt by Blore.

"Blore," he said. "Blore. Man, what happened?"

Blore lay twisted on the sand like a fat spill of paper, his legs one way, his body the other, his face half in the sand.

"Blore, old boy," Forrester said. "Blore." He spoke quietly now and tried to turn him over.

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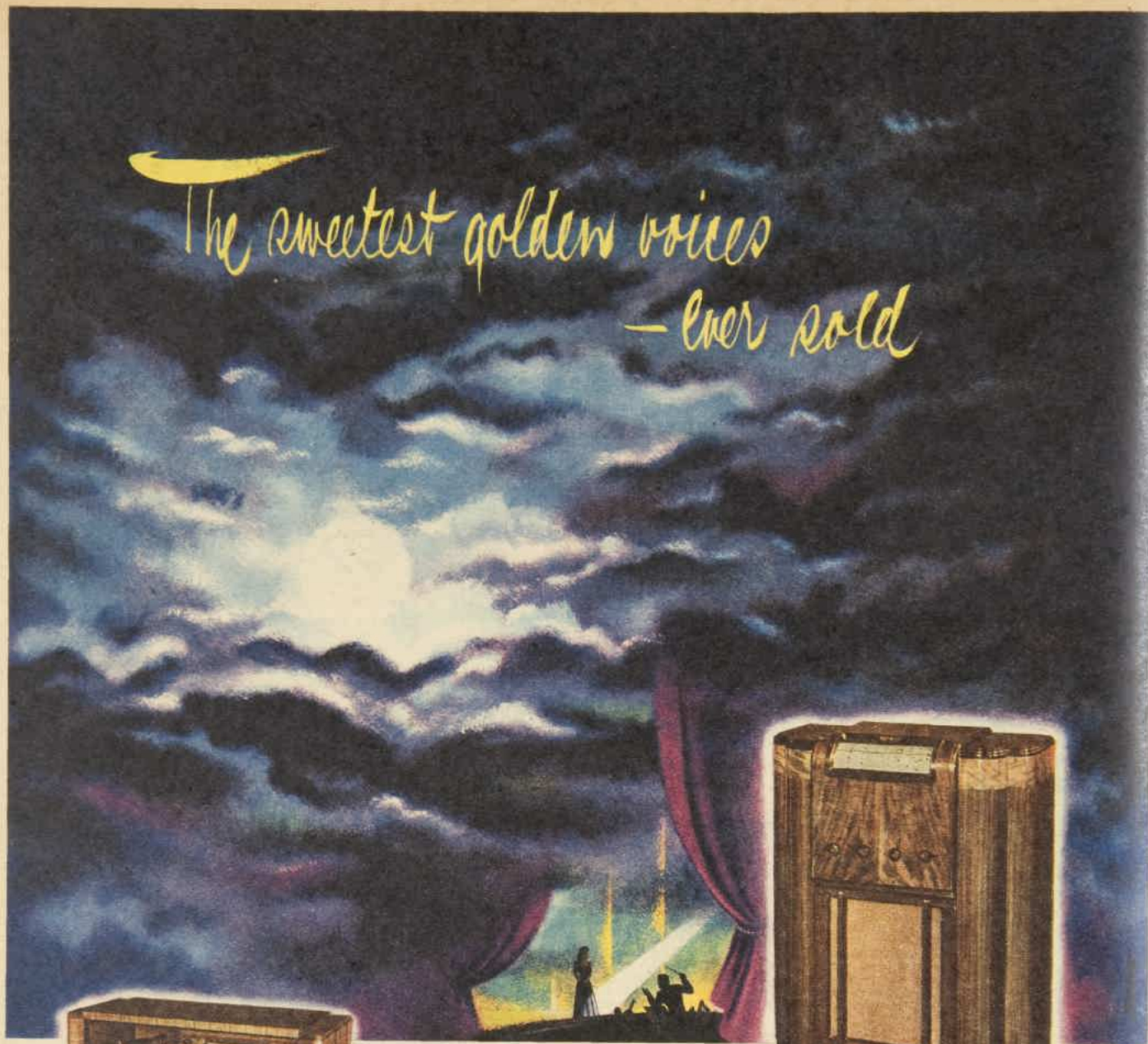
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Elizabeth will see Paris in spring



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, photographed on board N.Z. barque Pamir with Captain H. S. Collier, second from right, Mrs. Collier, and Chief Officer A. A. Keyworth.

Color and gaiety will be contrast to sombre London

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

To every girl a trip to Paris is one of the most romantic and thrilling adventures that life has to offer.

Princess Elizabeth's trip to Paris from May 14 to May 18 will be doubly exciting, because she has not been there before and will be seeing it for the first time with her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE Royal pair will be taking their first holiday abroad together. They will spend the days in a fantastic world of flowering chestnuts, sparkling fountains, gilded statues, striped awnings, saucy hats, and good-humored gendarmes with white batons waving on brilliantly colored taxis.

All the magic and wonder of the shops and the busy boulevards and the pavement-side cafes, the vivid throngs of strollers, and the leafy avenues of the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne will come as something fresh and new.

After the sombre setting of London it will be like a scene at the ballet, played to a quick tempo—movement, life, rhythm.

On this unofficial visit they will be able to mingle with the ordinary life of Paris, like any other Whitsun visitors.

Paris has a flair for entertaining visiting Royalties incofficient and with characteristic politeness treating them as if from a Royal point of view, they were "invisible."

"For"—says the Parisian—"every girl on holiday in Paris is a princess—at any time."

While they will be able to spend much of the time in a completely informal atmosphere, courteously disregarded by those about them, they will have a tremendous ovation at the scenes of their chief engagements.

Princess Elizabeth is longing to see the new French clothes and spring hats. And the British Embassy, where they will stay, right in the heart of the fashionable Faubourg St. Honoré, is within a few hundred yards of couturiers whose names are famous throughout the world.

Window displays during the Princess' visit will reflect the whole artistic life of France with a perfect sense of color, fabric, and line.



CENTRE of festivities on gala occasions in Paris is the Opera House, which is sure to be illuminated when Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh attend a performance there during their visit to Paris.

Though each window will be individual, a motif will run through them all, and a special color evolved for the Princess will link them together.

It will be "Princess Elizabeth's Paris" for this historic week-end in spring—Paris dedicated to the Royal lovers—Paris in tune with two young hearts on holiday.

Like any other British visitors, they will be able to do little more than "window shopping."

Neither may take out of Britain a penny more than the £35 maximum allowed to holidaymakers in France.

All the same, the great heart of France will try its hardest to circumvent this stern restriction of the British Treasury. Secretly regarding such rulings as sheer nonsense when applied to a Princess on holiday, the craftsmen are already designing and working on the most perfect examples of their wares.

They know, however, that Royal



When Princess Elizabeth and her husband go to Paris, they will stay at the British Embassy. The Royal suite is on the first floor.

step through the lodge gates, stroll up the Faubourg, and turn into the traffic-thronged Rue Royale, with the stately colonnade of the Church of the Madeleine at one end, and the dancing fountains of the spacious Place de la Concorde at the other.

Here they will see the Molyneux Paris salon—of special interest to the Princess, for he designed and made many of her clothes—Maxime's restaurant, all red plush, gilt, and mirrors, unaltered since the days when her great-grandfather, Edward VII, was a popular visitor in the days of the Entente Cordiale.

If they are in a car they can have the magic experience of passing in less than ten minutes from the quick pulse of the fashionable West End, up the wide and strikingly dramatic sweep of the Champs Elysees, and skirting the towering Arc de Triomphe, find themselves suddenly in the sylvan quiet of the Bois de Boulogne, where birds sing in the shadowy woods.

On the very edge of the Bois lie the two racetracks—Longchamps and Auteuil—famous as much for their fashion parades as the racing.

Princess Elizabeth, with her knowledge and love of the turf, will soon recognise at Longchamps many of the French horses she saw win at Ascot and other English courses last year.

Should the couple drive to the Bois in the cool of the evening they will find, here and there, half hidden among the trees, what might be fairy palaces. These are woodland restaurants where the soft lights are reflected in mirrored walls.

Under the leafy trees there the smartest people in Paris dine and dance in an open-air setting as romantic and unreal as could be imagined.

Paris by night will be as bewitching to the Princess as it will be captivating by day.

She will be entranced by the moment when it becomes "La Ville Lumiere"—the City of Light—at the end of the warm spring twilight, and sparkles with myriads of lamps.

Every night will be crowded with thrilling, breath-taking hours. For after the opera, theatre, formal banquet, or ballet the night life of Paris catches up and carries away the visitor on a carefree torrent of gaiety.

The visit of Elizabeth and Philip to the Opera will hold them spell-bound from the moment they ascend the great flight of marble steps outside the magnificent foodlit building.

The Opera House, where the Garde Republicaine with gleaming silver cuirasses and plumed helmets will line the flights of stairs inside the great foyer, will be one of the finest sights in all Paris during the Royal visit.

Like the Queen, Princess Elizabeth speaks French fluently, and her visits to the Opera and the Comedie Francaise will not be marred by language barriers.

Her speech when she opens the "Exhibition of Eight Centuries of British Life in Paris" (the official reason for her visit and the only official function connected with it) will be in French, and it will be broadcast, so that people in Paris and the provinces, too, will hear the light girlish voice of the Princess.

OUR COVER

CREATED by Matilda Etches, the well-known British designer, the frock on our cover this week is a charming version of the ballerina dress in quilted taffeta.

Warm and practical for the winter, it is still supple and graceful, in spite of the heavy quilting.

Dress shows

A VISIT to a mannequin parade has always been one of the highlights of a woman's visit to Paris.

Princess Elizabeth will have the double thrill of seeing, for the first time, a French dress show in the intimacy and soft splendor of the creator's salon.

From the steps of the British Embassy, flanked by two magnificent Rothschild mansions, with the long green gardens stretching right down to the leafy avenue of the Champs Elysees, the whole of Paris lies almost at your feet.

Elizabeth and her husband can

MOTHER'S DAY

ON Sunday, Mother's Day, millions of women will receive loving tribute from their children.

The pretty young matron takes a few willing daisies from the clutch of a toddling daughter. The frail old lady's successful son comes visiting with a florist's box of superb white chrysanthemums.

No matter what their financial state, the pattern of all these mothers' lives has an inevitable similarity.

They know the pangs of childbirth and the ineffable joy of new motherhood in the twenties. Their thirties are years of harassed effort and sacrifice for a growing family.

In the forties, they are dismayed to see those beloved young becoming absorbed in people and pursuits outside the home.

Bitterly, the fifties watch the grown birds fly away to build their own nests, and on the mother's attitude and philosophy now depends whether the sixties will bring serenity or loneliness and frustration.

This, then, is the life cycle of the mother—a compound of sadness and triumph.

Each generation smugly discovers the shortcomings and limitations of its parents as the ties of youth loosen and break, but the tragedy of a mother is that her ties will never break.

Till the day she dies, the welfare of her children will be her dearest concern.

Who can say whether the joys of motherhood outweigh the heartaches and disappointments? But what mother ever said she would have been happier without her young?



"Most of my first aid experience comes from patching up myself!"

WORTH Reporting

OUR readers have shown great interest in "The Toast," the song the Queen played while one of the pictures was taken for the silver wedding anniversary of Their Majesties. We published this picture recently.

Because of this interest we asked our London office to send us the story behind the picture.

London reported: When the King and Queen were posing for their silver wedding anniversary pictures, the Queen seated herself at the piano for one of the "shots."

The King said, "But you haven't any music," and sent a Palace servant to find a piece.

The servant returned with "The Toast," which the King placed on the piano.

The Queen said, "Isn't this a charming little number," and played the music while softly singing the words.

Meanwhile, Baron, the cameraman, got some very natural "shots" of Their Majesties at the piano.

Words of "The Toast" are by Fred E. Weatherley and music by W. H. Squire. Part of the verse runs:

Then comrades charge your glasses,
And drink this toast with me:
To England, Mother England,
And all her glorious sea;
Though other lands be lovely
I care not what they be—
Thank God who gave me England
And all she is to me.

The above words are quoted by permission of Boosey and Hawkes Aust. Pty. Ltd.

Share and share alike

TEASPOONS, like lots of other things, were short during the war. They can be bought now, but some cafes apparently haven't got round to it.

One of our girls was in a coffee shop the other day, in a booth occupied by four people. Another woman asked the waitress: "May I have a teaspoon, please?"

"Only one teaspoon to a table," snapped the waitress, clattering some dishes together. "Ask that gentleman next to you for a loan of his."

Our girl felt happy that her reducing diet eliminates sugar.

LAST year was the best on record for exports by the Nottingham lace industry. In spite of overseas markets intermittently opened and closed, all works in Nottingham were constantly busy during 1947, when exports rose to £6,000,000, compared with £1,250,000 before the war.

Furniture competition

AN international competition for low-cost furniture design is being conducted by the Department of Industrial Design of the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

The organisers hope to get entries (which close on October 31) from many countries. It is expected that the winners will be able to make contracts with manufacturers in the United States, providing a three per cent. royalty.

The competition is intended to develop ideas for low-cost furniture suited to living, dining, and bed rooms of small homes. It is in two sections: Seating units such as upright and lounge chairs, sofas, daybeds, benches, and storage units for household or personal effects or both.

A design is not eligible if it has previously been produced for sale, or if any person other than the competitor has any rights to it.

There are first prizes of 5000 dollars in each of the two sections, with second and third prizes of 2500 and 1250 dollars.



"Same old story—boy meets girl, girl is manic-depressive, girl's father suitor, boy is psychiatrist, boy loves girl, gives girl insulin shock treatments, girl tries to murder boy because of guilt complex—boy gets girl..."

Milk-bottle tops

YOU never can tell what subjects will prove a common bond. Last year Mrs. J. E. Navie, of Bournemouth, wrote a letter to our feature "What's on Your Mind" (since discontinued because of newspaper cuts), asking why cardboard tops of pasteurised milk bottles were not made for easier opening.

Towards the end of the year Mrs. Navie had a letter from a woman in South Africa, enclosing a milk-bottle opener. Since then they've exchanged further letters.

Last month Mrs. Navie had another letter from a woman in Yorkshire, England, giving some good advice on how to open bottles without spilling.

"I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how far afield the 'Weekly' goes," Mrs. Navie says, in telling us of this international correspondence.

BOREDOM CHASER: Latest novelty from America brought back by a Melbourne girl is a powder compact with a miniature roulette wheel on the lid and a tiny copy of a roulette board. Sounds as if the powder-room scramble might become the powder-room gamble.

Embroidery his hobby

YOU don't expect to find a railway engineer accomplished at sewing, but 62-year-old retired railway employee Mr. William Robinson, of Croydon Park, N.S.W., can embroider and make rugs with a neatness and finish equal to any woman's work.

When he retired through ill-health two years ago, Mr. Robinson looked round for a hobby that would prove interesting and relaxing, decided on a little simple fancywork for an apron for his wife.

Since then the Robinson household has acquired sufficient aprons, d'oyeys, and supper-cloths, all exquisitely worked, to last a lifetime, as well as ten large rugs and a 16ft. long hall rug worked with an Australian motif of koalas and kookaburras.

The hall-runner, which contains 82,000 stitches, was finished by Mr. Robinson in 11 weeks.

When he first started rug-making, he copied designs from books and magazines, but now makes up his own, sketching them out on graph paper and blending wool to give a rich, three-dimensional effect.

One of his most striking patterns is a tiger rug, worked in browns, oranges, and greens, measuring 6ft. by 3ft. He copied the design, which shows two tigers lying in the jungle, from a children's book, and finished the rug in four weeks.

But he likes embroidery most of all, and finished a supper-cloth with a design of 32 filled-in panades in less than two weeks. His work is amazingly fine, and though his wife first taught him to embroider she admits frankly she doesn't dare compete with him.

"But I crochet all the borders," she added. "That's one thing he refuses to learn."

Olivier hates shaving!

OUR Melbourne office reports on the Oliviers' Press conference: Instead of the usual dozen, about 50 journalists covered the assignment. Credentials were checked as carefully as those of visitors to a rocket range.

Soon Sir Laurence, debonair and easy-mannered, perched on the edge of a table, had presswomen vying with each other to light his cigarettes.

Lady Olivier, in another corner, amiably answered to "Mrs. Olivier" from an excited interviewer, and obligingly submitted to fans fingering the material of her Hardy Amies model.

Somebody told Sir Laurence he had a cousin here during the war. Sir Laurence raised his eyebrows and said, "Did I?"

He also said that he didn't care how his name was pronounced, but he called it "Olivary."

That he is 40.

That his thick hair returned to its normal nut-brown color "remarkably quickly, almost overnight" after bleaching for Hamlet roles.

He said he couldn't think of a third "hate" after listing small talk and shaving as two.

His wife confidentially whispered to us that she "can't bear" marigolds or umbrellas.

Press photographers, warned off until the Oliviers had warmed up, temporarily retired to another end of the room and enjoyed the refreshments supplied for themselves and their journalist colleagues, who practically disregarded the party angle of the conference.

They were far too busy swooning.

Home help

"WANTED—housewives with a taste for travel" might well be the plea of the Country Women's Association of Victoria.

The organisation's "Home Help" service, which gives emergency domestic aid to country members, receives calls for help from all over the State.

Financed and controlled by the Metropolitan Group in Melbourne, the service has answered in the past year 184 requests for assistance.

The majority of calls are for someone to take over management of home and children while the mother goes to hospital.

The Victorian Railways provide free travel for helpers. The Country Women's Association pays them £3 a week while they are on a job, and members who need help pay as much of this sum as they can afford.

At present there are 22 women on the books who will do this work.

"There are always vacancies for trustworthy women who have had experience in housework and the care of children," the honorary secretary, Mrs. M. R. Fairbairn, told us.

"They are not required to work continuously, but may take time off between cases. This suits the type of women we employ. All have family commitments from time to time.

"Most are middle-aged, many are grandmothers. Women living in rooms get a real pleasure out of running a home again."

Geelong, Ballarat, and Gippsland Hill groups of the C.W.A. have appointed helpers who work in their own districts.

Burglar-proof

WE'VE heard of twin brothers in Melbourne who resemble each other in appearance except that one went to much more trouble to buy smart clothes. The other also looked sartorially correct, but usually by wearing his brother's clothes.

Tired of complaining about this, the more provident brother retaliated. Next time the other went to the wardrobe he found a chain and padlock firmly fixed to the lapel of each suit.

IT SEEMS TO ME

—by—

Dorothy Drain

THE declaration of the rights to freedom of expression adopted by the U.N.O. Freedom of Information Conference in Geneva sounds fine.

But the conference mentioned some types of information on which restrictions may legally be imposed. One of them: "Expressions which are obscene and injurious to persons without benefiting a public."

Here lies a practically insoluble problem. Who decides, and how, what is obscenity and what is realism, and whether it injures or benefits?

There are few subjects on which divergence of opinion is sharper.

THE export of ants, so a cable from London reports, is likely to earn Britain 100,000 dollars this year.

The ants are switched from their colonies into boxes for export to the United States, where ant-watching is a popular diversion.

Remember in the play "The Man Who Came to Dinner" there was a gentleman who kept cockroaches in a miniature skyscraper.

Ants are traditionally more edifying than cockroaches, since they have a reputation for earnest endeavor.

Whether this reputation is soundly based, I don't know. All that runs to and fro may not necessarily be purposeful, nor good for the ants.

Cities have been compared to anthills often enough for one to suspect that the comparison may hold in reverse; that ants may develop ulcers from rushing round, and sometimes ask themselves, "What is it all for?"

Still, if citizens of the U.S. like to watch ants, who are we to quarrel with how they spend their dollars? Come to think of it, I wonder would they care for any sandals!

WHEN the Federal Government decided recently to abolish price control on lamb, the N.S.W. Secretary of the Meat and Allied Trades Federation, Mr. T. A. Herbert, was quoted as saying that he did not expect that butchers would attempt to sell mutton as lamb.

Any customer, he said, could distinguish between mutton and lamb, and if a butcher sold something spurious he would lose a customer.

Come now, Mr. Herbert, this is 1948, not 1938, and you must know that a threat of withdrawing custom won't terrify any shop to-day.

Many housewives say that they pay lamb prices for mutton, or at least for hogget.

Perhaps we are partly to blame because we refer in a "refined" way to lamb when we mean mutton.

But time marches on, and to-day even sheepskin coats are lambskin.

A RECENT statistical report says that more accidents to employees occur during Monday's working hours than on any other day of the week.

Monday is supposed to be the gloomiest day of the working week, but what about Tuesday, which is almost as bleak?

And Wednesday, which seems of interminable duration?

And Thursday, when Saturday's approach retards concentration?

And Friday, which ought to be cheerful but then

If you look at it squarely, it's almost Monday again!

And anyhow the week-end, which after all has come round fairly fast,

Only serves to remind us how swiftly the years fly past.



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht **Argos** is **BETTY:** His daughter. Mystery of the strange "ghost ship" which terrorises sailors is solved when Mandrake and Lothar board it and are taken prisoner by

CAPTAIN GAR: Its eccentric commander. He tells them he bought the ship to shield his daughter Helga from the ugliness of the world, and uses deadly sleeping gas to frighten off other ships. Helga tells Mandrake she wants to escape and marry a young sailor. Gar overhears them, gives an order, and Lothar is attacked by the crew. **NOW READ ON:**



BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM AND HE FINALLY GOES DOWN. — THOSE WHO HAVE NOT BEEN KNOCKED OUT, SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN GRUDGING ADMIRATION. "WHAT A MAN!"



THE YOUNG SAILOR WHO LOVES GAR'S DAUGHTER IS TIED TO A MAST. "YOU WANTED TO MARRY MY DAUGHTER AND TAKE HER FROM ME," SAYS GAR. "YOU'LL STAY AT THIS MAST UNTIL THE SUN BLEACHES YOUR BONES!"



MANDRAKE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND HIMSELF BOUND AND BLINDFOLDED — FOR GAR FEARS HIS HYPNOTIC EYES. "AS FOR YOU," GAR STORMS AT HIM, "YOU'LL DIE IN CHAINS IN THE BRIG! AND THAT'S NOT ALL!"



"THE YACHT OF YOUR FRIENDS IS FOLLOWING US! I'LL PUT AN END TO THEM, TOO," HE CRIES FURIOUSLY, UNCOVERING A LARGE NAVAL GUN. "I'LL SINK THEM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!"



THE SHIP SHAKES AS THE GUN IS FIRED. SHELL AFTER SHELL IS HURLED ACROSS THE QUIET TROPICAL WATERS — AND SOON THEY FIND THE RANGE —



THE ARGOS IS MANEUVERED VIOLENTLY, TO AVOID THE SUDDEN SURPRISE SHELLING — ONE SHELL BLASTS INTO A CABIN — THEY ARE DEFENSELESS AGAINST THE ANGRY MASTER OF THE "GHOST SHIP!"



THOSE ON THE ARGOS NOW REALIZE THAT IT IS NO "GHOST SHIP" THEY HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING! "GHOSTS" DON'T FIRE GUNS! THE YACHT ZIG-ZAGS FRANTICALLY, UNABLE TO GET OUT OF RANGE OF THE GUN!



SHELL AFTER SHELL IS HURLED FROM THE "GHOST SHIP" CAPTAIN GAR IS DETERMINED TO SINK THE ARGOS AND HE DRIVES HIS GUNNERS ON...

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

AS I am still suffering from a recent grim experience in so-called film entertainment, I feel strongly enough about it to devote portion of this week's column to discussing the worst aspect of the double-feature bill.

I refer to the badly balanced programme.

Of course, one is not forced to sit through a film which one dislikes, but while we have the double-feature system people expect to get their money's worth and their enjoyment from the supporting film as well as from the feature release.

Patrons of prestige theatres should not be asked to see low-grade films.

While American and English studios continue to produce them, and unfortunately this is the case, they should be relegated to theatres where high standards are not expected.

By a mistake, I found myself faced with the prospect of sitting through an American film called "The Sarge Goes To College" (Monogram) at the Victory Theatre, as a preface to seeing on the second half of the programme the extremely fine English drama, "It Always Rains On Sundays."

This feature film is unrelieved drama which will attract audiences of the more discerning type.

It is splendidly handled by Ealing and includes much first-class character work. Stars are Google Withers and John McCallum, but I thought the best performance was that of Edward Chapman as a middle-aged London suburbanite, and it was closely followed by that of John Slater as a cheap gangster. "The Sarge Goes To College" is quite the most repulsive little musical I have ever seen.

Obviously produced for teen-agers, I can only hope that a large percentage of young people will turn up their noses in scorn at such utter rubbish.

The completely moronic behaviour of the youngsters at a college, the maudlin sentimentality, and the ear-splitting vulgar music, especially that provided by one orchestra group headed by a man called Wingy Manone, make the hour's screening time one long endurance test.

GIVE a film a sexy title and the public, most likely, will flock to see it, forgetting that censorship (especially in America) will have laid a cold hand on the script writer's feverish brow.

There was a time when stories by writers such as Guy de Maupassant were regarded as impossible screen material.

Then someone got the idea that by conceding the battle to the censor before it was begun a so-called "spicy" story might be adapted to make a film which the censor's maiden aunt could see.

This is what has happened to De Maupassant's "Bel Ami," starring George Sanders. It now has the title of "The Private Life of a Scoundrel."

Sanders seems to me to find his role, and its epigrams, rather heavy going.

Apart from Angela Lansbury's too obvious glycerine tears, I thought all the girls far too intelligent to be taken in by such a dull personage as Bel Ami. This MGM film is at the Liberty.

Your Coupons

TEA: 12-24 (12-16 expire May 16, when 25-28 become available).
BUTTER: 16-18 (expire May 16, when 19-21 become available).
MEAT: Red, 20-22; Blue, 41-42.
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 8, 1948

Get your copy of the world's best-selling thrillers. — ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE — 1/- every month.

1948 fashions need new race of display models



HAIR-DOS for display models are as elaborate as those of any beauty queen, and wigs are set with pins, lacquered and dried. Girls in hair-dressing department (above) create new styles for each model.



SCULPTOR Mrs. T. Jagelman does first step in creating display model by making clay figure to exact proportions.



SMOOTHING DOWN bonded paper shape cast from mould. Ex-University student Dan Crowe finds beard stops powdered shavings from marking face.

Window ladies must have tiny waists and curved silhouette

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

By next spring there will be a new race of lovely ladies in shop windows. For the first time in 40 years they will have the 22-inch waists, rounded hips, and sloping shoulders decreed by the 1948 silhouette.

Their fashionable lines won't be the result of waist-whittlers, padding, or any of the arts the average woman can adopt when fashion decrees a revolutionary change in current styles.

SYDNEY stores, which spent close on £20,000 since the end of the war replacing depleted stocks of display models, have now made the unpleasant discovery that 1948 fashions do not look right on last year's figures.

They also discovered that no amount of fiddling can whittle down the 26in. waists, round off boyish hips, or chip hunk off square, mannish shoulders that displayed last year's fashions with elegance and distinction.

Main stores usually have about 40 current window models, costing from £30 each. Wigs are extra, and two sets of detachable arms in different postures bring the total close to the £50 mark.

And though most stores have a few small-waisted models that can be adapted to the fashionable line, the majority of the window ladies will join other outdated kroups

which reflect the diverse changes women's figures have undergone in the past 20 years as they stand forgotten in dusty storerooms.

We paid a visit last week to the Darlinghurst factory of Wilken & Jones Ltd., largest manufacturers of display models in Australia, to get a preview of how the new feminine display model is created.

A staff of commercial artists, sculptors, plasterers, moulders, and other skilled craftsmen are working at full pressure to cope with orders for new figures.

Every measurement must be exact, every limb and feature perfect, so that the finished model can take her place in the centre of a fashion window and display the latest creations with an appeal that the woman shopper will find hard to resist.

When manager Mr. J. H. Wilken first started the firm 25 years ago, the only window dummies available were wax figures from the Continent, charmingly made creations,

Coy Clara

DOYEN of shop window models at a city store is Coy Clara, said to be about 30 years old. She first appeared in a spring tableau, where the feather from her new chapeau tickled the chin of her military escort and caused her to giggle girlishly.

She was at the height of fashion in her day, when waist-lines were non-existent and manufacturers painted a smooth Kton crop on to the heads of their models. Her last appearance, still smiling, was as a background figure this autumn.

but sadly unsuitable for the Australian climate.

"By late afternoon it was quite common to see the head of an elegant wax figure drooping down on to its shoulder as the sun melted it through the glass," he said. "Often the knees caved in."

Until the war, the firm made its window models from specially weighted rubber, which gave an appearance of flesh. They now use bonded paper, specially cemented to give a smooth finish.

First step in the creation of the model is to work out proportions and make a lead-pipe skeleton, around which the firm's modeller, Mrs. T. Jagelman, of Camden, builds up the figure with wet clay.

Mrs. Jagelman studied sculpture at the Technical College, and has her own studio at Radgery's Creek, via Camden, where she models and does portraits in her spare time.

Figure changes

"I ENJOY modelling the tiny waists and rounded hips of the new display figures, but I do nothing but portraits and sculpture of horses in my spare time," she said.

Mrs. Jagelman has been with the firm 18 years.

"About 10 years ago we used to make a lot of outside figures for window displays, but now we make nothing but small sizes, though the figures are 5ft. 11in. tall," she said.

"Women don't like seeing larger proportions in windows, and prefer to imagine themselves with exaggeratedly slender lines."

The clay figure takes about a week to make, and from it a plaster cast is obtained, transferring the shape to a bonded paper composition made in two sections and specially cemented to hide all joints.

Since the factory started 25 years ago, it has turned out half a million window-display figures, using a private formula and exporting figures all over the world.

Stocky Hilton Redfern, who has been in the model trade 20 years,

turns out the head moulds for the display models and sees nothing but a series of women's faces before him all day long.

His favorite set of features is the Vern head, whose nose is straighter, lips more reebud, and eyes more pronounced than those on some of the other moulds.

When the head is removed from the cast, it passes to trimmer Arthur Jones, who gives the features their final perfect form with a knife and file. He cuts the fingernails on the hands, too, and shapes the cuticles.

Mr. Jones has been with the firm 18 years, has seen models' expressions change from smirks and toothy smiles to studied seriousness.

With a few deft strokes of his knife, Mr. Jones can outdo any plastic surgeon as he works on a face. He changes aristocratic Roman noses to pert retrousses, pares down over-round faces to pleasing oval proportions.

In his 18 years with the firm he has become an authority on feminine noses, and points out any defects in a living woman's nose. For his models he prefers the "Vogue" noses, which are small, plump, and delightful.

But he has yet to meet a living woman with a perfect "Vogue" nose.

When heads, bodies, and arms are all trimmed to perfection, they are assembled in the mounting-room. We were interested to watch model maker Harry Warner attaching arms to a series of elegant creations, which towered over his slim five foot six inches.

"When I first started making models they were the same height as I am," he said. "Now they make them five foot eleven inches, so they can display clothes in raised windows."

Next treatment for the fashion model is spray painting by Frank Lackey, who gives them a light coat of tan, with pink highlights. This is the newest shade for models, contrasting with the dark suntan shades of last year.

It only remains now for the model



STEPPING OUT. Grooved to perfection and with the latest figure line, our model is dressed for her role in a window display.

to receive make-up and a facial from the artists' department, a pair of curling eyelashes, and the latest in wigs, lacquered to keep the coiffure in place, and she is ready to take her place in the centre of the window.

Groups of girls in the hairdressing department select a hairstyle for the wig, set it with bobby-pins, leave the wig to dry, and finally attach it to the model's head.

"It takes longer to set the horse-hair wigs than it would in an ordinary hairdressing salon," blonde Chevaunee Joyce said. "It takes anything up to three hours before a wig is ready to wear."

Final job before models are sent out for department stores is done by inspection worker Les O'Donnell, who has to pack £30 worth of fashion foundation so that it will not be damaged before it reaches its destination.



ADJUSTABLE ARMS are important feature of window model, and factory usually supplies two pairs in different postures. Here Harry Warner in mounting-room at Wilken and Jones tests arms on model.



WATCHING RUNNING of President's Cup at Tamworth Picnic Races are grey-suited Mrs. Reg Brooker, of Tamworth, and Mrs. Cliff Leedham, of Tamworth, who wears green corduroy tam.



CHAT BETWEEN RACES for George Harrison, of Tamworth, and Nanette Rygate, of Glen Ross, Kaituma. Nanette's suit is deep pink and white ribbed tweed.



WAITING FOR FIRST RACE. Harry O'Halloran (right), of Tamworth, Bronwyn Cramer, of Sydney, Vince Byrnes, of Rimini, Manilla, Joan O'Halloran, and Dr. John Cramer wait for start of first race, put back an hour because of rain.



YOUTHFUL DANCERS Jill Warden, of Munderoo, Attunga, and Lysle Roberts, of Sydney, at Picnic Race Club Ball. Jill's ballerina frock is cornflower-blue marquisette and lame.

Tamworth Picnics

GAY SUCCESS of Tamworth Picnic Race Club's meeting more than makes up for last year's disappointment when rain forced abandonment of racing.

Overnight rain and early-morning showers on day of meeting this year look discouraging, but heavy clouds finally roll off elsewhere and "picnics" get away to bright start soon after lunch.

Only disappointment is absence of popular club secretary Keith Upjohn. Last year Keith, despite attack of malaria, managed to keep on his feet for limited festivities, but this year, with everything a great success, he is confined to hospital bed.

His father, Ellis Upjohn, and nice sisters Marjorie and Dorothy look after his official duties. His mother plans trip to Darwin for herself and Keith as soon as he is better.

Claude Renshaw wins President's Cup with No Silver, and when presented with cup at ball he announces that he'll "probably do a lot of skiting about it."

The Laurie Morgans bring three horses from Redbank, Scone, and when prizegiving time comes round Laurie collects several times.

Among visitors from surrounding districts I see the Arthur Cobcroft, of Armidale, Mrs. Cyril Brown, Manilla, Mrs. John Bellfield, Armidale, the Donald Biels, of Coonabarabran, Roy Brown, Somerton, Mrs. Bruce Campbell, of Dangleman, and Melba Berry, of Barraba.

Georgie



COCKTAIL PARTY. Ken Patterson, Kinkuni, Manilla, pours drinks for Jill Capel and Mrs. Sydney Steindl, of Tamworth, at party which preceded ball. Mrs. Steindl, formerly Helen Armstrong, of Mullaley, won the Woomooli Maiden Plate with her horse Count Monty.



PRESIDENT'S CUP. Club president Mr. J. S. N. Brown and Mrs. Brown present Cup to Claude Renshaw, of Coonabarabran, whose horse No Silver won the main race of the day.



BUNDANOON VISITOR Pat Cole and Moree's Eldred Wilson take up position to watch running of Keelendi Handicap.



CHEERFUL TRIO. Mrs. J. O. Cramer, of Sydney, Brian Matthews, of Coobah, Nundle, and Margaret Archbold, of Tamworth. Margaret's hooded coat is wonderful shade of emerald-green.

WINNING BET. Mrs. Charles Spicer, Camryallyn, Scone, happily shows pound note she won on Cup winner No Silver to Marjorie Youl, Red Hills, Tamworth, and June Fagan, Bellata and Tamworth.



CORDUROY VELVET FROCK in rich shade of brown, with brown-and-white accessories, is worn by Jeanette Rafan, Springmont, Upper Manilla, who watches racing with husband George.

WHAT KIND OF HEADACHE DO YOU GET?

3 stages of an **EYE-STRAIN** headache



1 PAIN SYMPTOMS

You feel aching pain right above the eyes. Sometimes it is at the back of the head or the nape of the neck. Distressing and painful. But there is no need to put up with eye-strain headaches! While you consult your doctor or optician, you can get quick relief. Just take TWO Anacin tablets . . .



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Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less . . . throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients — and it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run, too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.



3 HEADACHE GONE

Quick blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and safe relief — with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.



ANACIN
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2 bring **FASTER** relief from headaches and pain **CHANGE NOW**

Do You Know?

CROCODILE CAN NEVER LOSE TEETH!

CROCODILES' TEETH ARE ACTUALLY MERE SHELLS! IF REMOVED, NEW TEETH ARE FOUND GROWING UNDERNEATH! DON'T LOSE YOUR TEETH — GIVE THEM EXTRA-PROTECTION AGAINST DECAY GERMS WITH ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS.

PULLED WOOL OVER THEIR TEETH!

ANCIENT ROMANS SWEETENED BREATH BY RUBBING THEIR TEETH WITH WOOL!

LICORICE ROOTS AS TOOTHBRUSHES!

IN FRANCE, UP TO THE 19TH CENTURY, ROOTS OF LICORICE PLANTS WERE USED AS TOOTHBRUSHES!

HIGH DECAY RATE IN CHILDREN!

OVER 95% OF OUR SCHOOL-CHILDREN SUFFER DENTAL DISORDERS!

ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS SWEETENS YOUR BREATH AS IT LEAVES YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN. KOLYNOS BRINGS A NEW SPARKLE TO YOUR SMILE

Ever thought of THIS?

FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF MON! IT COSTS JUST A WEE BIT OVER A PENNY A WEEK TO CLEAN YOUR TEETH WITH KOLYNOS TWICE A DAY! THERE'S TWELVE FEET O' KOLYNOS IN A 1/10d. TUBE — AND HALF AN INCH EACH TIME IS PLENTY!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

As Forrester touched him, Blore began to scream. It was a short scream, abrupt and fierce, like the scream of a bird.

It was only when he tried to turn Blore over a second time that he could see how the revolver had been twisted and jammed by impact up against his ribs, crushing through the thin bush jacket under the heart.

Unbalanced by the arm wrapped in the sling, Blore had fallen flatly, like a plank, with heavy force, on his chest and face.

Forrester unbuckled the strap of the water bottle and slipped it from under Blore. He unhooked the sling of the gas-mask case and slipped that out too.

"Over," he said. "Roll over. Gently."

Blore did not speak, and now Forrester could see him biting his lips together fiercely, trying not to scream. He pushed against the weight of his shoulders until Blore lay on his back. Then he was able to unhook the clasp of the webbing belt, so that the revolver, too, came free.

"Now let's look at you."

He began to unbuckle Blore's tunic. The arm had fallen out of the sling, and he pushed the sling away. He pulled Blore's undershirt, drenched with sweat, out of the top of his trousers and up over his stomach and chest.

All the time Blore did not speak, and then, as the undershirt came clear of the ribs, Forrester could see why. There was no need to speak. Close under the heart a rib had buckled up, like a hinge.

"All right," he said. "Lie still. There's nothing there that a good sharp walk won't cure."

He tried to put into his voice some of the light banter which he and Carrington used. But with Blore it did not work.

The impression was always that Blore was against him; even that he was against Carrington; even that he liked that triangular antagonism, with himself on one side and them on the other.

Forrester got up abruptly.

"Lie where you are. Don't try to move," he said. "I'll be back." He walked away without waiting for an answer.

And now he was faced with two courses of action, themselves terrifyingly simple: either to take Blore to Carrington or to bring Carrington

The Purple Plain

Continued from page 15

to Blore. He walked slowly by the bar of rock shadow and tried to reason it out. Finally he decided to take Blore to Carrington. He went back to Blore.

"We'll pack this stuff together and get you back to Carrington," he said.

"No!" Blore began to moan gently, rocking his head in protest. "No. What do you think I am?"

Forrester turned fiercely from collecting bag and water bottle and revolver together. "I think you're a fool! That's what!"

"Start reviling me again. I heard you calling that all down the valley."

"I meant you to hear."

"All the names you could lay your tongue to. I was listening—"

"Shut up!" Forrester said. "And sit up!"

"I can't get up."

"You got down," Forrester said. "And you're going to get up. Even if you stay here and rot, something has to be done with that rib."

He put his arms round Blore's shoulders and lifted him slowly, until he was sitting upright. As Blore sat there, gasping, unable to say a word, his face wet with sweat, he unknotted the shirt that had formed the sling for Blore's hand and tied it for support about his chest.

"Now come on. Get up."

"I can't get up. I always said it was mad. This walking."

"Get up!" Forrester said. "We started walking and we're going to finish walking."

His words seemed to give a sort of frightening impulse to Blore, who fell forward on his knees. He remained there for a second or two, and then, with a curious shocked jerk, levered himself first on one foot and then on the other. He stood for a moment dazed, hunched forward, holding his chest.

"All right?" Forrester said. "Hang on. I'll get the kit."

He slung the bottle and case over his shoulders, and then buckled the webbing round his waist. For a second he hesitated, wanting to throw the whole stupid and useless contraption of revolver and ammunition to the ground and leave it there. Then something made him decide against it, and he buckled it on.

"Now," he said, "hang on to me."

It was four o'clock before he saw, in the first half light of dawn and the waning moon, the handkerchief he had tied on the bamboo rod where Carrington lay. But when he called from a hundred yards away, there was no answer.

It was not until he was forty or fifty yards away that he could see how Carrington had fallen asleep under the rock. He stopped calling then, glad he had not awakened the boy.

But a few moments later Blore let out a higher, sharpened scream, like a scared bird, and in the same instant the boy's eyes were open, alight with shock, then a fuzzy sort of bewilderment, then joy.

Forrester halted ten or twelve yards from Carrington. Blore, heavy and shocked, was very tired.

"How's the jockey?" Forrester said. "Good sleep?"

"Ready for breakfast. How's the marathon race? Thought you were never coming back."

"Blore's bunted a rib. I'll get him over there under the trees and come back for you."

He took Blore ten or fifteen paces under the trees, where the shade would be thick enough to break the sun. He let him slide gently to the ground, and then propped him against the tree. He laid the water bottle, the revolver, and the bags beside him.

"I'll be back with Carrington."

IT came to Forrester that the boy would ask questions. And in the few moments of going back to him he decided what to say in answer. He would try to break down the state of antagonism, old and aggravated now by shock, that had made Blore go ahead alone in the conviction that he would be better off himself.

He would tell the opposite of what he felt to be the truth about him.

"How's old Blore?" the boy said. "Where did you find him?"

"Fallen off a ledge." He was carrying Carrington now.

"Bats or what?" the boy said.

"No. Nothing like that." He searched and found refuge in the trite protective language of service.

"Good show, really. The old boy had an idea he could walk on and get

help in Mandalay or somewhere. Thought it might be quicker by himself."

Carrington was silent, and the thought crossed Forrester's mind that the boy did not believe him. He was not quite sure and did not speak again. Under the tree he let him slide gently down until, like Blore, he was propped up, legs stiffly out, by the bole of it.

Every moment now the day was growing brighter. In an hour the sun would flame clear and begin to stab down, mercilessly white and shocking, all day blinding them with intolerably savage and evil glitter.

He was ready for that. But before ten o'clock there were nearly five hours of comparative coolness before the air became like furnace breath and the light like a ferocious glassy hammer, banging down. Somehow in that five hours they must get on. If they moved only a mile, even half a mile, even a hundred yards, he did not care.

"All right," he said. "Breakfast and then shave."

"Really," Blore said. "Shave. And what with?"

"You've got all the kit. Mirror, cream, razor, towel."

"And water?" Blore said. "I take it we shave first and die of thirst afterward."

"Use antiseptic instead of water. It's good enough. No explorers' beards on this trip."

"Coffee smells good," the boy said. Blore did not speak again. He sat back against the tree, eyes sunken with tiredness, the lids brownish yellow, half closed.

Forrester unscrewed the lid of the vacuum flask and poured out half a cup of water. It was fairly cool, and he gave it to Blore.

"And take two aspirins—each of you."

Drinking slowly, Blore obediently took the aspirins without speaking. He seemed very far away, and did not resent the fresh banter of the boy, who stared with mock horror at the two aspirins, white in the palm of his hand.

"Pretty rotten eggs, these. No yolk."

"I turned them over," Forrester said. "Didn't you see?"

"That's how I love them," the boy said. He slipped the aspirins into his mouth and sat sipping his ration of water.

FORRESTER took a sip of the water, leaving it in his mouth a moment, washing away the dryness. He screwed on the lid of the vacuum flask and then, cushioning his head against his two hands, lay down to rest.

For about five minutes he lay there, not moving or speaking, letting his body relax flat on the sand. In that five minutes the sun came up from under the vast rim of sublime and gorgeous haze.

He watched for a few moments in wonder tempered with awe, cruelly fascinated by the splendor of the naked scarlet ball that in three or four hours would blister his brain. It convinced him more than ever that they must move, that there was nothing but death in lying there, passively letting the sun burn them where they lay.

It was the first time the thought of death had crossed his mind. It did not frighten him. For about thirty seconds he let it remain in his conscious thought, unheated and quiet and, in a curious way, impersonal.

Then he lifted it out, and it was replaced by the thought of the girl—not so much the thought as the direct presence of her, as if in a simple way a conception of her had sprung up with the sun. He became in a wonderful way physically aware of her young, cool, undarkened face.

The frangipani blossom which she always wore in her black hair, like a rosy-crimson rosette, and which, he remembered, had fallen out on his hands as he kissed her good-bye under the cool sweet mangrove tree in the dark compound, became for a few moments more living than the scarlet ball of sun.

He remembered, too, that it stood for immortality, and this image of her linked all his thoughts, for the first time since the crash, with the outside world.

In a final and fantastically clear image he saw Harris and Miss McNab trying to comfort her, and not succeeding, and once more the thought of death was back in his mind, not as something menacing himself, but menacing the young, tender, frightened heart that did not know if he was coming back.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Betty knows her baby will be BEAUTIFUL

BETTY KNOWS her adorable babe is going to keep that delicately soft peaches and cream loveliness. For, like her lovely mother, she is a Pears baby. Pears is so pure, so mild—you'll find it's just right for cuddly babies and lovely ladies.



WHEN BETTY WAS SIX she was a careful, loving "mother" to her dolls. And careful training taught her to use only pure mild Pears—for Pears keeps complexions fresh, naturally lovely.

See your way to loveliness through mild, transparent Pears.

Pears

Pears is the original transparent soap. It is so pure, you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet.



IT WAS A STARRY NIGHT when Betty gave her heart away—and she made herself a promise always to keep her complexion lovely with gentle Pears care.



HONEYMOONING AT SURFERS' PARADISE Betty's radiant baby-smooth complexion was the talk of the beach front. And if you want loveliness to bloom in your skin don't be careless about your soap. Change now to regular skin care with pure, mild Pears. Pears keeps complexions soft and smooth... forever adorable.



LATE ARRIVAL OF MAGAZINE PAPER from ENGLAND DELAYS PUBLICATION of A.M. THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY A.M.

Sufficient supplies of the special high-quality paper which we are importing from England for "A.M." are not yet to hand to guarantee continuity of publication.

For that reason the publishers of "A.M." have decided to delay the publication date by one month.

The date of publication now becomes Tuesday, June 1st, instead of April 30th, as stated in the advertisements which have already appeared in "The Australian Women's Weekly" announcing this big new monthly magazine.

When the original publication date of "A.M." was first decided upon an ample margin of time was allowed for the arrival of paper from England. But shipping delays have been exceptional even for these times.

It is with regret that the publishers make this announcement—especially as such a heavy placement of orders for regular subscriptions has been made by future readers with newsagents throughout Australia.

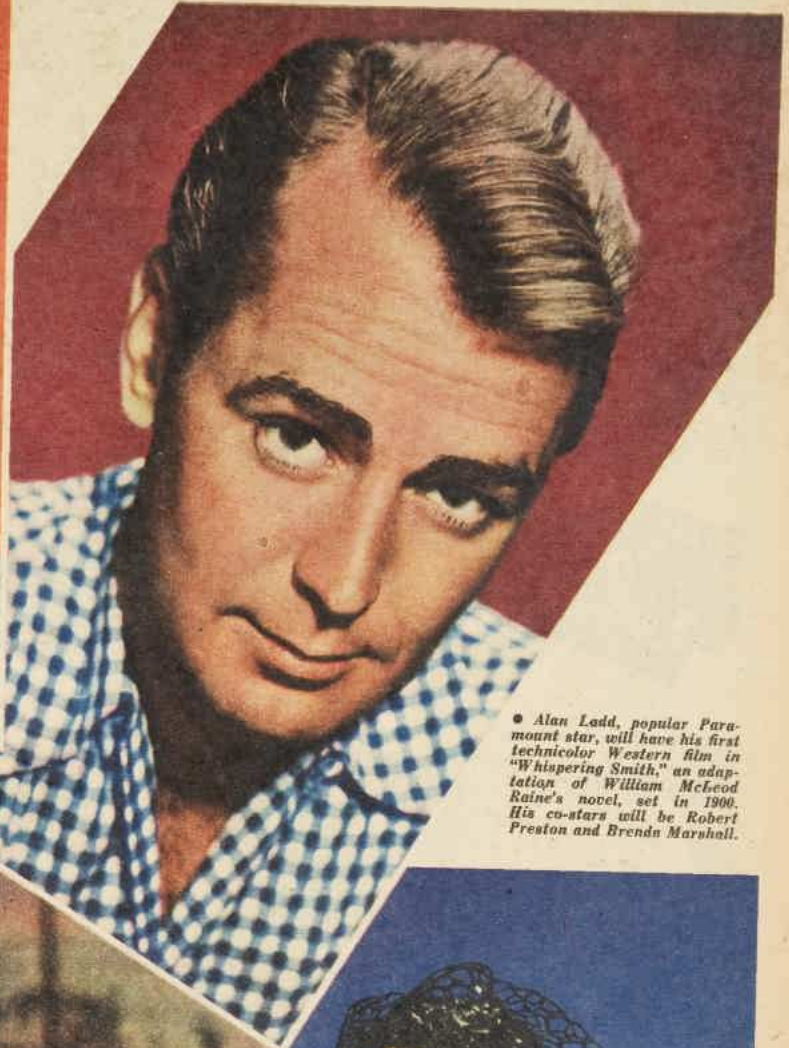
We promise you the finest monthly magazine ever produced in Australia on Tuesday, June 1st.

**New publication date
TUESDAY, JUNE 1st.**

HOLLYWOOD QUARTET



• Cyd Charisse, former ballet dancer, is listed for feature roles in MGM's forthcoming films "On an Island With You," "The Kissing Bandit," "Easter Parade," and "Cab-begon and Kings."



• Alan Ladd, popular Paramount star, will have his first technicolor Western film in "Whispering Smith," an adaptation of William McLeod Raine's novel, set in 1900. His co-stars will be Robert Preston and Brenda Marshall.



• Don DeFore has been signed by Warners for a feature role in the technicolor musical "Romance on the High Seas," starring Jack Carson and Janis Paige.



• June Haver will follow her next starring role in the Fox technicolor romance "Summer Lightning" with the drama "The Street With No Name," in which she co-stars with Mark Stevens and Richard Widmark in a story of juvenile delinquency. It will be given a New York factual background.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 8, 1948

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FORD PILLS

STRONG IS THE SEED



1 ENGLISH SCIENTIST William Farrer (Guy Dolman), on health trip to Australia, advises his friends (Ossie Wenban, Queenie Ashton) to invest money in wheat farming.

DEPICTING the self-imposed lifelong work of scientist William Farrer, whose experiments in wheat culture did much for the Australian industry, "Strong Is the Seed" is an Arthur Collins feature-length Australian production. The story was adapted from a radio prize-winning play on Farrer's life written by Helen Bousfield, of Sydney. Most of the scenes were shot in the wheat areas near Bathurst (N.S.W.), and filming took 51 days. The musical background has been written by Henry Krips.

2 IN HOTEL at Queanbeyan (N.S.W.), Farrer hears that rust is playing havoc with farmers' crops, and his friends, who were ruined, have both just committed suicide.



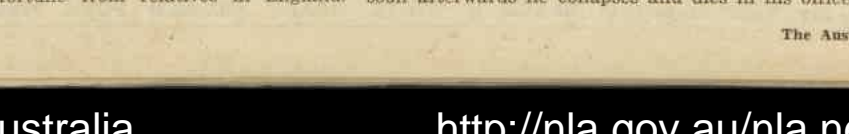
3 SEARCHING FOR CURE for rust, Farrer meets Nina De Salis (Maree Marsden), daughter of a politician. They fall in love, though her father strongly disapproves.



4 JOINT EFFORTS to combat the rust problems are made by Nina and Farrer after their marriage, when they cross strains of strong wheat at an experimental farm.



5 ENCOURAGEMENT is given to Farrer by Government scientist Dr. Guthrie (Lloyd Lamble), though farmers and millers are antagonistic.



6 IN PARLIAMENT Dr. Guthrie supports Farrer when committee bitterly opposes experiments and says that millers will not grind new strains of wheat from Farrer for flour. Farmers plot to burn his farm.

7 ILL HEALTH in middle age does not deter Farrer from continuing his work, though he has inherited fortune from relatives in England.

8 FINAL SUCCESS and recognition of his long work come to Farrer in his old age. He hands over his work to his young assistant (Eric Wright), and soon afterwards he collapses and dies in his office.

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**LOVELY
LINGERIE**
BY
A. & J. Griffin

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"Tom's mother thought I would need a lot of showing when the baby arrived, but could only nod her approval as I put baby through her daily routine. 'Wherever did you learn that?' she kept asking. So I showed her Benger's Book, 'The Mother and her Child'."

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The Best Laid Schemes

Continued from page 7

DAPHNE took a quick step forward with her arms held out as if to call him back, but then her pride intervened and, instead, she shut her door slowly and turned and leaned against it.

As she did so the door from her kitchen opened and Daphne felt every muscle freeze as she saw the same burglar emerge. She stared at the menacing gun that was levelled at her stomach.

"All right," he said. "One squeak out of you and you're through. I heard that last bit. So you're a stooge."

Frightened badly, she could see he was as scared as she was. More scared now than he was before.

"All they says to me was to get them papers. Kept me a couple of weeks waiting around, and then all of a sudden they gives me the plan of this place and brings me fast in a car, and I comes up in the fire escape through your kitchen window. And it all falls into my lap just like it was fixed."

He scowled.

"And that was what hits me when I was going down the fire-escape again. Just like it was fixed, I says. It's too easy. So I stops and I listens and there's nothing, and I figure it out there in the dark. . . Maybe I'm walking into something, maybe I'm not, but, I says, that girl up there knows what's in those papers and maybe she knows more than that."

He gestured with the gun.

"Come on, talk. Tell me what's the strength of it all. I heard enough from outside that kitchen window to tell me you know plenty."

"Of course I know plenty," Daphne said. Her voice was sharp and breathless, but as she realised the nervousness of the man in front of her she felt her own nervousness melting away, and her anger returning. "Do you know what it is you're meddling in?"

The man's nervousness deepened. "I don't know nothing," he said.

"Only that there's papers. What's it about?"

"Atomic bomb research."

She saw the sudden pallor hit his cheeks and quickly she followed up her advantage. "They're just using you for a tool," she said. "And you'll be taking the rap for a pretty deadly charge."

She saw that her words were having an effect, and added quickly, "But I can get you out of trouble."

"I'll get myself out."

"No you won't, and you know it. Now relax and put that gun down." Her calm nerve made him look at her with quick suspicion, but he lowered the gun.

"What's your game?"

"My game," said Daphne, "is to show two men, one of whom is you, that we women are not exactly fools. I'm going to telephone the other man and get him here. As for you, you thought you were just committing burglary. Actually you've let yourself become a tool for international spies. Well, I'm going to turn you over to the police, but only on condition they'll let you off gently if you co-operate with them."

She watched him and she could almost see his sharp quick mind working, playing one set of odds against the other. Then at last he muttered, "The dirty double-crossers! All right, I'll take a chance."

Little more than half an hour later a police car deposited a rather dazed Harvey at Daphne's flat. He found her with coffee ready on a tray.

"I thought you might like some coffee," she said with a very suspiciously superior kind of smile. "By the way, here are your papers, all complete and untouched."

Harvey, not quite knowing where he stood in this new move, tried to hide his surprise. Daphne continued as she poured his coffee: "Wasn't it Robby Burns who said something about the best-laid schemes of mice and men oft come

to naught? I'm glad he said men and didn't include women."

"Can I kiss you first before you go on?" asked Harvey doubtfully.

"Yes," said Daphne.

"Now," said Harvey with a slightly smug smile. "I am, completely mystified. I don't know what has happened, but I need only one guess to know that you have pulled something off to put me in my place. But don't forget, even if I am a fool, I love you."

She put her hand on his lips to stop his confession. "I love you, too," she said. "My heart nearly broke when you walked out like that but . . . let this be a lesson to you."

"It is," he said, pretending humility. "But tell me all. Don't say you captured the burglar single-handed!"

"I did. I thought it would be silly for the police to follow a second-rate burglar just to try to find for whom he was working. It was really much simpler to explain everything to the man and to get him to co-operate with them."

She smiled charmingly. "Of course if you had taken me into your confidence earlier perhaps I could have saved you a lot more trouble."

"Darling," he said. "You are wonderful. You know, we scientists have only one fault. We get so absorbed in our work that we are apt to become a little impractical in everyday things. What I really need is a wife to keep me on the right track."

"I've known it for months," said Daphne.

Harvey sat up. "I always felt I should let you decide the practical things. Let's make it to-morrow."

Daphne laughed and kissed him on the cheek. "We must be practical. I have to give a fortnight's notice at the office. Maybe they'll take a week . . ."

"Three days, then."

"Seven days," she said firmly, but feeling very weak inside.

(Copyright)

MRS. SPENLOWE

picked up Nigel's coat and returned it to its peg. There was nothing for it, she supposed, but to follow Arabella's example.

However, at Nigel's door she hesitated for a moment, then turned the handle and looked in. He was there in bed fast asleep; obviously he had been there for hours.

She crept back to her own room, feeling ashamed of herself. I'd have understood it if he had been out there with her, she told herself in apology. I wouldn't have minded so much—but a girl who goes alone to look at a pigsty at two o'clock in the morning!

Mrs. Spenlowe had not expected to see Arabella down for breakfast. But when she entered the dining-room, at eight thirty next morning, there she was with Nigel eating toast and marmalade and looking as fresh as paint.

"We wondered if we'd go for a good tramp to-day, mum," Nigel said, after greeting her. "Could Mary pack us a sandwich lunch, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Spenlowe said that she felt a nice long walk would be a good idea. She could not help a rather ignoble feeling of relief in the thought of having them out of the house for a while.

So off they went for their long tramp, and Mrs. Spenlowe meditated. In the broad light of day all that two o'clock pigsty business seemed more fantastic than ever.

To make matters worse, Nancy from the Vicarage dropped in after lunch with a pattern for table mats. An ideal daughter-in-law if ever there was one, thought Mrs. Spenlowe wistfully, waving her off from the gate.

When the doctor came in after his evening surgery there was still no sign of the tramps.

"They might have telephoned," he admitted mildly.

"Oh, she'll have persuaded him to buy a yacht or a tramp steamer by this time," said Mrs. Spenlowe with a note of hysteria in her voice.

Her husband looked at her thoughtfully. Then he said, "Darl-

ing, run and put on your hat—the silly one with the roses. We're having an evening out."

"But—"

"Hurry, woman."

"You'll never get seats."

"I'll get the seats if I have to buy the theatre," he declared. He meant it, too. He knew a crisis when he saw one. Also he still retained a few faint hopes of having Arabella as a daughter-in-law.

When they got home at about midnight Arabella and Nigel were both fast asleep. Mrs. Spenlowe looked in at each of their rooms to make sure. On her dressing-table was a note from her son.

It read:

"Arabella's going back to town to-morrow. She has turned me down for the last time. Hope you enjoyed your gadding, darling—Nigel."

Mrs. Spenlowe ought to have slept like a top, but she didn't.

Instead of feeling that she had won—as she most certainly had—she found herself returning again to a frightening conviction that she had failed her beloved child. But it's for his own good, I'm sure it is. He'll thank me one day, she assured herself at five-minute intervals.

The dreary hours wore on. By the time it was daylight she felt that she could stand it no longer, and decided to get up.

She brewed a pot of tea and carried it into the dining-room. She went to the french window and threw it open, breathing in the sweet, fragrant air gratefully. A movement on the lawn caught her eye.

"Good gracious!" she cried, with a start. There, sitting on a stool, with a drawing-block on her knee, was Arabella! As far as Mrs. Spenlowe could make out—although surely she must be wrong?—Arabella was drawing the plaster boy.

At that moment Arabella looked up and waved. "Isn't it a heavenly day?"

Mrs. Spenlowe agreed vaguely, then, stepping with care—she had an uneasy feeling that she was

The Plaster Boy

Continued from page 9

dreaming the whole thing—went out of the window and down over the lawn.

"Are you—what are you doing?" she began breathlessly.

"Well, I didn't mean you to see it—I didn't mean anyone to see. Arabella glanced furtively at the block, and then held it out to her. "I don't suppose it matters much—now."

Mrs. Spenlowe took it. She gasped.

"But—" she said in bewilderment.

She stopped and tried again. "You laughed at it," she said accusingly.

"Yes—I did. I'm sorry." Arabella's voice was very low. "I do rather—laugh at the things I—love—I'm afraid."

They stared at each other in silence for a moment or two. Then Mrs. Spenlowe's fascinated gaze went back to the drawing on the block, a very clever sketch of the plaster boy.

"But no one has ever noticed it before," she said. "No one has ever seen it as I see it, and as you've drawn it. No one has realised that the plaster boy has a look of Nigel—that Nigel when he was a small boy was exactly like the plaster boy—"

Arabella nodded lightly. "That's why you're so fond of it, isn't it? Me, too. I wanted to have it to keep—to remember."

Mrs. Spenlowe looked up again into the grey eyes. Very steady eyes, she realised.

It was as though she had never seen Arabella before, not until now with the clear true light of morning between them; with the lovely light of understanding—and a new happiness in her heart.

"But, my dear," she said gropingly, wonderingly, "even Nigel's father has never noticed it—the resemblance. No one but you. It—it's remarkable."

Arabella said nothing. She just waited.

"Or is it?" added Mrs. Spenlowe softly, and held out her hand.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

WINTER wardrobe problems are the main subject of letters this week. They concern the new line in coats and suits as well as adapting last season's clothes to this winter's fashions.

Country problem

"WOULD you advise a friend and myself, and possibly many other country women, on the following problem? We are country mothers with busy lives and have practically no time to follow fashion whims. We each have a tailored costume of excellent quality and would like to know are such suits out of fashion. It seems a pity to discard them, yet we do not want to be completely out of date."

A classic suit is always good fashion, and I think for country women the best way to dress is in a suit. If your suits are still in good order, certainly don't consider discarding them. What you might consider doing if there is sufficient hemline is lengthening the skirt to 14 inches from the ground. A really well-tailored suit should remain good looking for at least three years. The length of time, of course, does to some extent depend on the amount of wear the suit is given.

Flared coat

"THIS year I intend to buy or have made a really good woolen topcoat, and would like your advice about the design. The one I have been wearing for several seasons is cut on princess lines and, though it is quite smart, I have never been able to wear it comfortably over a suit. Is a coat that flares from the shoulders new looking? I would also like advice about the new colors and materials."

This winter a big, flaring coat is the most popular silhouette for untrimmed classic and semi-classic coats. This new coat is full backed, voluminous, calf covering—it swings free and unhampered, and will fit comfortably over any of the new fashions. Plaids and checked tweeds in autumn-blended colors top the color list; deep olive-green is liked, so is midnight-blue. Many of these coats have a face-framing, high-riding collar that can be worn up round the face or lie flat. A hood as a finish is also very popular. Sometimes the hood is attached to the coat, and sometimes made detachable.

Evening frock

"I WANT to make myself an evening frock for a special occasion and cannot decide what length to have the skirt (full or ankle length) or what design to choose for the dress. I cannot wear anything off-the-shoulders because I have to wear a fairly heavy brassiere. Would you design the dress and suggest material and color?"

This season the shops are showing a good range of silk and moiré taffeta. Either would be an excellent material for your evening dress. If you are a blonde, a brown or cocoa shade of taffeta looks new; for a brunette I like chalk-pink or a purple-violet, or perhaps a honey-beige. The dress I have designed (it is illustrated on this page) could be made with the skirt full-length or above-ankle-length. Either length would look equally smart, and new. The tailored bodice is finished with a scooped-out neckline and bertha trim, the skirt with a wide band and a large bow of self material.

W.A. wardrobe

"I AM flying to Perth early in June, and wondered if you could advise me as to the type of clothes I will need during my visit. I will be staying at a city hotel. Will I need heavy woollens, and will I need evening wear?"

Set off for your trip in a topcoat, jacket, and skirt, so that the topcoat and jacket can be worn or removed according to the temperature in the plane. In Perth the wet season starts from about the beginning of June and lasts about three months, during which time the weather is cold, but not extreme.



EVENING FROCK design that can be made either full-length or ankle-length.

Round Perth you will wear what you would wear in any other city—a wool suit, a wool dress, or whatever city clothes you have in your wardrobe. Be sure to go well equipped for the rain. There is very little formal dressing at night in the hotels. However, I advise you to take one or two floor-length formal, or a floor-length skirt and several separate tops, to wear in private homes. You will also need an afternoon frock and a small hat for formal tea parties or cocktail parties. The same ensemble can be worn if you are dining at your hotel.

Career girl's problem

"I HAVE not long left school and will be taking up a position soon. I have lots of clothes, but they are badly matched, and I never have anything decent to wear, and nothing really suits me. Do you think it is so important for a young girl to be fashionably dressed, or should she just concentrate on being neat?"

I think it is important for young girls to look smart and to choose their clothes intelligently. Lack of harmony in your wardrobe is probably lack of careful thought. You must learn to acquire the habit of buying only clothes that you love and you feel absolutely right in. I think it is important to look smart while working—tasteful dressing is a definite asset to the career girl. It would not be possible for me to plan your wardrobe without knowing details about your job—different kinds of working conditions call for different types of clothes. However, I can give you some general advice. For instance, a suit is hard to beat on almost any girl in any kind of office. With chameleon changes of sweaters, blouses, dummies, and scarves, you can stretch a suit into a lavish-seeming wardrobe. "Separates," too, give excellent value: skirts, blouses, and jackets matched or changed about make a few clothes into many.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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the Pink-and-White look

OVERSEAS beauty news says that Parisian fashion leaders have decreed the suntan complexion "out" and rose-white (otherwise pink and white) skin "in" for the coming season.

Well-known French mannequins returning from tours of sunny southern France are suddenly faced with the demand for pink-and-whiteness.

They are spending a lot of time and money in beauty parlors featuring de-tanning services and using "peeling" creams to remove dusky skin layers.

The topic is one of particular interest to those of us who are either coping or bearing with fading suntan peculiar to our in-between autumn season.

Here we discuss some ways and means of discouraging the temporarily unattractive yellow or brown streaked complexion.

But first, a little about these "peeling" creams.

Obviously, the natural way to outgrow a tanned hide is to remain out of direct sunlight so that no new tan pigment can form.

The no-longer-wanted tan will gradually reach the outermost skin layer, there to be sloughed off in the normal course of events.

It is when time becomes important and the lightening process must be hurried that "peeling" preparations appear.

These are usually powerfully compounded substances, which work like this: First the skin is coated thoroughly. Within twenty-four hours the skin hardens and becomes leatherlike.

A week or ten days pass and the leathered layer begins to peel off, leaving a very tender, almond-white surface.

Rather drastic, certainly, and most skin experts are against the use of such preparations on the

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

ground that, if they are strong enough to lighten the skin, surely they must have a harmful effect on it.

In any case, most careful supervision in use is essential lest skin irritations result.

More popular for general use, and not as stringent, are the creams, lotions, and preparations that leave you with a complete epidermis and where the action is confined to the skin surface only, called for this reason bleaches and skin whiteners.

Home-made lighteners

IN this group we find old friends in buttermilk washes, diluted lemon juice and vinegar, cucumber creams and lotions, and various packs, which help to correct sallow and weatherbeaten complexions as well as brighten a tan hangover that no amount of washing seems to help.

Even so, a small note of warning to those with sensitive skins—it is always a wise precaution to make a

test patch on the fine inside-of-elbow skin first.

Apart from such preparations, simple home remedies can be quite helpful in promoting brighter complexions and lighter body skin.

A little borax or a handful of starch added to bath water softens the skin and speeds the scaling.

Oatmeal is not expensive, either, nor too difficult to obtain. So try mixing some fine oatmeal with, preferably, soft green soap, otherwise good toilet soap.

Grate it up and dissolve in hot water. Whip until frothy, and make into a paste with the oatmeal.

Dip a rubber brush or nail-brush in the mixture and gently massage the skin until it is rosy. Rinse in warm water, then in cold, and pat dry.

Do this every day till the skin takes on a clean, bright appearance.

Or, if you are the woman with the oily skin, vary the treatment slightly. Take a cup of oatmeal, a tablespoonful of grated soap, and a good pinch of powdered sulphur.

Mix well, and divide it up between a dozen muslin squares. Tie up each one like a sack, using a fresh bag each day, and throwing them away after using once.

Dip in hot water and massage the skin well. Rinse as before, and then use a skin tonic.

An excellent one for the purpose may be made from two parts rose-water, two parts witch-hazel, one part distilled water, buyable from the chemist.

And for all but the deeply tanned, a different make-up of palely tinted foundation of sturdy consistency, double the usual dusting of powder in creamy-pink tonings, and a blood-pink lipstick will go far towards achieving the pink-and-white look, at the same time hiding remnants of sun-gilding.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "Dumb" ANIMALS?



THE DOG
saves a bone

THE BEE
collects honey



THE BEAR
stores up fat

THE CAMEL
carries water



THE SQUIRREL
builds a reserve
of nuts

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The Doctor Answers

Patient: "But why should I have Rheumatism, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, Rheumatism can be caused by two things: an injury to a joint or muscle or by an accumulation of poisons in the blood stream which is a condition we call toxemia. Thousands of people like yourself, in the last few years, have over-worked and neglected their health, letting poisons collect in the blood stream so that the ranks of sufferers from Rheumatism have increased enormously."



Patient: "But, Doctor, how do these poisons accumulate?"

Doctor: "Your blood is constantly flowing through your kidneys to be purified from uric acid and other poisons. If your kidneys fail to do this, these poisons circulate back through your body and collect in the muscles and joints, causing the aches and pains that most people call Rheumatism."

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons from your blood stream that are the cause of Rheumatic aches and pains; your kidneys are cleansed and strengthened and you get a new feeling of good health and energy.

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X-Ray of shoulder joint
where uric acid accumulates

MENTHOIDS for Rheumatism

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of yourself from "Be Beautiful," beauty book by Jean Cleland, published by Consolidated Press for The Australian Women's Weekly. To obtain a copy fill in the coupon below and post with postal note for 6/6 to The Australian Women's Weekly, Castlereagh Street, Sydney . . . we'll send you a copy of "Be Beautiful" POST FREE.

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PINEAPPLE MERINGUE SHORTCAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 cups diced pineapple, 1 cup pineapple syrup, 4 extra tablespoons sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 egg-white, red jelly crystals, few strawberries to garnish.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Turn into greased recess tin, bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.). Turn out and allow to cool. Place diced pineapple, syrup, and 2 tablespoons of the extra sugar into saucepan. Simmer until fruit is soft. Blend cornflour with extra water, add to fruit, stir until boiling. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes, allow to become cold. Spread over cake. Beat remaining sugar and egg-white to meringue consistency. Spoon on to shortcake, return to very moderate oven until meringue is just set. Dust with jelly crystals when cold, garnish with strawberries.

shortening, add sugar and lemon rind. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Shape into balls a tablespoonful at a time. Drop into boiling quince syrup, replace lid. Cook a further 25 to 30 minutes. Serve piping hot.

BAKED COTTAGE PUDDING

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla (or 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind), 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla or lemon rind. Add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased ovenware dish or piedish, bake 25 to 30 minutes in hot oven (400deg. F.). Serve in blocks with custard, any sweet sauce, ice-cream, or fruit.

VARIATIONS

Lemon Cheese: Cut a large oval section from top of cooked pudding, fill with lemon cheese; replace top, dust with icing sugar. Jam may also be used.

Date or Fruit: Before folding in flour add 1 to 1 cup chopped dates or mixed fruit. Use lemon rind to flavor, omitting vanilla.

Chocolate: Add to the mixture 1 dessertspoon cocoa blended smoothly with 1 extra tablespoon milk.

brush with a little melted butter and dust with extra sugar and cinnamon. Serve hot with custard.

CASSEROLE OF QUINCES WITH LEMON DUMPLINGS

Three quinces, 1½ cups water, 1 cup sugar, thin piece lemon rind.

Dumplings: Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3 level dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 or 4 tablespoons milk.

Place sugar, water, and lemon rind in small saucepan with quince seeds. Bring to boil. Cool slightly. Strain over peeled, cored, sliced quinces in casserole. Cover, cook in moderate oven until quinces are soft and a rich pink in color.

Prepare dumplings. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in

RECIPES for puddings and sweets published on this page are suggested as satisfying and appetising desserts on cold days.

Simple plain cake, egg scone dough, shortcake, and economical dumpling mixtures combine well with fresh, dried, or tinned fruits to make delicious hot desserts.

BAKED APPLE AND RAISIN ROLL

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg.

Filling: 2 apples, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chopped seeded raisins.

Sift self-raising flour with salt; rub in shortening, add sugar. Mix with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll to oblong shape, barely 1in. in thickness. Cover with finely diced apple (peeled and cored). Sprinkle with sugar, lemon rind, cinnamon, raisins. Moisten edges, roll up—start to roll from longest side. With floured knife cut into thick slices. Arrange on greased tray with slices overlapping. Brush underneath slice with milk before pressing another slice into position. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes; reduce heat to moderate cook a further 8 to 10 minutes. While hot,

● **THESE** sweets are all cooked in the oven. The cottage puddings are shown in miniature.



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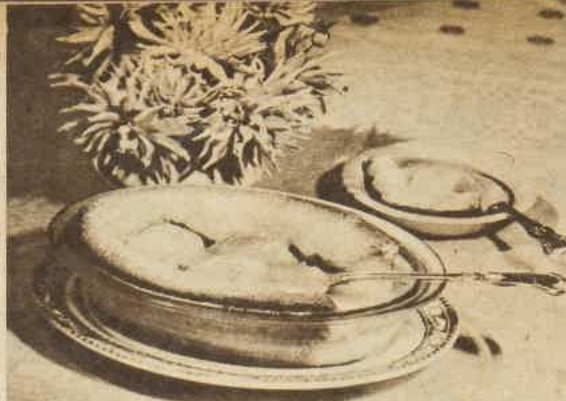


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All Chemists & Stores



LEMON CUSTARD DESSERT. This week's first prizewinner, is a delicious sweet to round off any meal. Vary the flavor by using half orange juice and half lemon juice or all orange juice. See recipe below.

Four culinary triumphs win

Prizes for readers

LEMON CUSTARD dessert, which wins first prize in this week's recipe contest, is a most unusual and delicious sweet.

Orange juice, passionfruit, cooked pineapple syrup, or (when in season) cooked cherry syrup may be substituted for the lemon juice suggested in the recipe.

LEMON CUSTARD DESSERT

Batter: One tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar. Add unbeaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Grease bottom and sides of ovenware pie-dish, spread surface evenly with batter, reserving about 2 tablespoons.

Custard: One egg, 1 heaped tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 and juice of 2 medium-sized lemons, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon butter.

Blend cornflour with a little extra water, add beaten egg, mix well. Add all other ingredients except butter, stir continuously over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Add butter, stir until well mixed. Fill into batter-lined pie-dish. Drop balance of batter on to custard a teaspoonful at a time. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Dust with icing sugar, serve hot.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. McCarthy, 51 Preston St., Geelong, Vic.

SPAGHETTI MEAT MOULD

Four cups cooked spaghetti, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup finely diced cold meat, 1 tomato, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 1 heaped dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Grease a pudding mould, sprinkle liberally with breadcrumbs. Fill bottom of mould with a thick layer of drained spaghetti. Fry sliced tomato in margarine or butter until soft, stir in flour. Mix with meat, balance of spaghetti, beaten egg, milk, and any remaining breadcrumbs. Fill into mould, pressing down firmly. Cover with greased paper, stand in saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come half-

way up mould, steam 1 hour. Allow to stand 5 minutes before turning out of mould on to hot serving-dish. Serve with heated tomato puree and green peas; garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Ziberski, 5 Adams Place, Alberton, S.A.

SAVORY BAKED FISH

Six whole small fish, 1 cup salad oil, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 clove garlic (finely minced), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 11 cups lightly fried bread cubes (cut very small), 1 cup finely diced celery.

Wash and dry fish, trim fins and tails, leave heads on. Combine salad oil, lemon juice, garlic, salt and cayenne. Pour over fish in shallow dish, allow to stand 15 to 20 minutes, turning once. Mix bread cubes and celery, season with salt. Remove fish from marinade, stuff firmly with bread and celery. Close opening by sewing with coarse thread. Place in shallow baking dish, add marinade in which fish soaked. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until fish is tender, white, and flaky, about 20 to 30 minutes. Baste occasionally during cooking. Serve hot with tartare sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Marshall, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

CHEESE PUFFIT

One cup diced ham, 1 level dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 2 slices bread (cut 1/2 in. thick), 4oz. cheese, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 11 cups hot milk, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Fry onion and ham lightly in 1 dessertspoon of the margarine or butter. Place in deep, greased ovenware dish. Break bread into small pieces, cut cheese into thin wafers. Separate whites from yolks of eggs; beat yolks, add balance of margarine or butter (melted), bread, cheese, salt, cayenne, hot milk, and parsley. Allow to stand 15 to 20 minutes. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into mixture. Pour on to ham in dish, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Test with clean skewer—it should come out free of mixture. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Oakey, 6 Martlesham Crescent, Colonel Light Gardens, S.A.



SPAGHETTI MEAT MOULD, one of this week's prizewinning recipes, is a tasty and satisfying way of using up left-over meat. Topped with tomato puree and served with peas and tomato wedges it will be welcome at any table. The recipe is given on this page.

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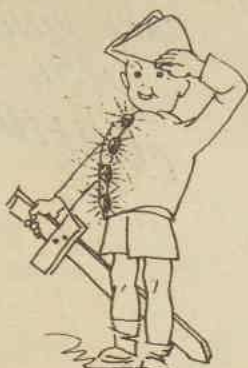
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What you need is **SPEEDIEST RELIEF**... and that's what you get when you take Bayer's Aspirin.

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A GLIMPSE of L-shaped lounge in Elm Tree House, Domain Road, Melbourne, the home of Sir Harold and Lady Gengoult Smith. Unusual color note in accessories is a blush-pink, the rich pink of ripe peaches. From an assemblage of muted tones of fawn, old-gold, and leaf-green, this arresting color gives singular beauty to the room. It is introduced into an array of fascinating "baby-cushions" on all the chairs and settees, and in lampshades and flower arrangements.



Charming Elm Tree House

By **EYE GYE**, Editor of our Homemaker Section

HISTORIC landmark in Domain Road, South Yarra, Victoria, is century-old Elm Tree House, at present the home of Sir Harold and Lady Gengoult Smith and their young family.

This small and charming old house takes its name from the great elm that towers above it and for over 100 years has shed its leaves in the autumn raised stark arms to the sky in winter, and renewed itself with a burst of leafy glory in the spring.

The late Mr. Harry Emmerton, Lady Gengoult Smith's grandfather, so loved this tree that he left instructions in his will that it was never to be cut down.

During the war years, Lady Gengoult Smith's mother, Lady Brookes (noted hostess and charity worker), lived at Elm Tree House, and many celebrities were entertained in the historic home, still a centre of social life.

Cabinets and shelves hold exquisite pieces of bric-a-brac and objets d'art from every part of the world, including some beautiful jade, china, silver, and glass which Mrs. Emmerton collected on her travels.

Eleven-year-old Marion Gengoult Smith is very proud of the pair of delicately spun glass chickens given her by her godfather, the Duke of Gloucester, and these she keeps at eye-level in the hall.

Lady Gengoult Smith showed me several occasional tables and a long stool of Tasmanian blackwood which Sir Harold made for her.

Apart from alterations to front staircase, and staff rooms, the house is practically the same as it was 100 years ago. "Look where it looks; just look at the wall," said Lady Gengoult Smith to me, "but plumbers are hard to get..."



CORNER of dining-room, also L-shaped, with shelves holding a collection of Chinese pottery.



THIS all-French design for a cardigan is one of many of the lovely knitted garments featured in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book. Price 1/6.



A BEAUTIFUL suit of French design, directions for which are given in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book. Price 1/6 from our offices and newsagents.

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makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/8. C.S.



MAGNIFICENT candelabra which the Melbourne City Council gave to Sir Harold and Lady Gengoult Smith on their wedding day are a feature of the dining-room. Sir Harold was Lord Mayor at the time.



(ABOVE): Elm Tree House, showing the century-old tree from which it takes its name.



(LEFT): Lady Gengoult Smith's bedroom. The Chinese hand-embroidered silk bedspreads carry the Chinese royal crest watermark in silken thread. Curtains of natural sucking have bands of pale leaf-green Roman satin. Bright Indian Numa rugs are on the floor.

Sow now for spring flowers

THE gardener who wants early results in spring sows his seed before the autumn is far advanced, but the laggard can still make sowings of both flowers and vegetables.

The following seeds can be sown during early May in the warmest parts of Victoria, N.S.W., Western Australia, Queensland, and South Australia:—

Flowers: Alyssum, eschscholtzia, annual chrysanthemum, cineraria, calendula, clarkia, cornflower, delphinium, helichrysum, bellis perennis, ageratum, geum, globe amaranth, godetia, hollyhock, larkspur, leptosyne, linaria, lobelia, nigella, lupins, French marigolds, mignonette, nasturtiums, mimulus, pansies, pentstemons, perennial peas, phlox, scabious, schizanthus, primula, ranunculus, salpiglossis, shasta daisy,

shirley poppy, sweet williams, snapdragons, statice, stock sweet peas, verbena, viola, and wallflower.

Vegetables: Broad beans, beets, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, cress, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce, mustard greens, onions, parsnip, peas, radish, silver beet, winter spinach, swedes, and white turnips.

Follow local practice and protect seedlings from frost if the district happens to be a very cold one, and set out young plants only when the day has warmed up, not late in the afternoon.

Winter waterings in dry, windy weather should be given in mid-morning, not late in the day, as few plants appreciate cold showers and wet feet at night.—OUR HOME GARDENER.



A CRINOLINE DOLL "dressed" in stock flowers of several shades makes a quaint floral piece.

NATURAL FEEDING BEST FOR BABY

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOUNG mothers often think that instead of feeding their babies the infants will thrive just as well on bottle preparations.

Modern life presents problems in the care of babies, but bottle feeding, unless advised by clinic or doctor, should never be attempted.

Mother and child will both benefit if baby is fed naturally. Advantages of natural feeding and other

information on the early care of baby are set out in our recently published mothercraft book, "You and Your Baby."

A copy of this can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if 7/6 (plus 4d postage) is forwarded with the order.

NOTE: Names and addresses must be clearly written in block letters.



EDLA GRACE SELWOOD, the 5-months-old baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Selwood, of Clarke Street, West Ryde, N.S.W.

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Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed Quickly

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods? No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no after-effects. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free, easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future

attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco stopped asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

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WHEN you're aglow with health, there's a sparkle in your eyes and a radiance in your complexion that is envied by everybody. And there is no surer way of enjoying such health than by taking Bile Beans.

A carefully-balanced formula of vegetable ingredients, Bile Beans cleanse and tone up the system, making you feel "alive" and cheerful, full of vim and fitness. Acting naturally and effectively like exercise, Bile Beans ensure regular elimination of the toxic wastes so largely responsible for ill-health and for "putting on weight."

For sparkling health, and to keep fit and attractive, take Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime.

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*“She says her health secret is a
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and a good sound sleep”*

It's a simple health secret — for there's nothing like a cup of Bourn-vita before bed to ensure that deep, sound sleep so necessary in these days of rush and bustle. It helps relax tired muscles and helps restore frayed, edgy nerves. It puts you on top of the world when you wake up, and enables you to begin every day as fresh as a daisy.

Bourn-vita MUST do you good, being made from the very best natural ingredients; rich malt extract, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate, blended and cooked by a special Cadbury process. That is why your delicious cup of Bourn-vita revives and refreshes you, even on the most tiring days.

Serve it for the whole family as well as for yourself. Bourn-vita is a sure family favourite when served as a delicious hot drink during the day and before bed. And as a milk-shake, when you whisk it into icy cold milk, it is a cooling glassful of nourishment which cools you down and peps you up.

* Bourn-vita comes in half pound and full pound tins.
Get one today from your chemist or store, and get into the habit of making every day a good day — the Bourn-vita way.



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The Ideal Food Drink — as supplied to leading hospitals



Fashion PATTERNS

FS101.—Tailored sports skirt. In sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 1/8.

FS102.—Boy's overalls. In sizes 2 to 4, 4 to 6, and 6 to 8 years (29in., 33in., 41in. lengths). Requires 1 1/2yds. 54in. material. Price 1/5.

FS103.—Girl's coat, bonnet, and gaiters ensemble. In sizes 2 to 4, 4 to 6, 6 to 8 years (18in., 20in., 27in. lengths). Requires 1 1/2yds. 54in. material for the coat, 1yd. 54in. for gaiters, and 1/2yd. 54in. for bonnet. Price 1/10.

FS104.—Smartly styled bolero suit. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

FS105.—Afternoon dress designed with lace-trimmed skirt. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1/2yds. 54in. material and 9yds. 3in. wide lace. Price 2/8.



FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"NAIDA"—Floral Patterned Nightgown
This truly feminine nightgown is made in a cozy, good-wearing floral flannelette in an excellent selection of pastel colors. "Naida" features a tie back, wide, full sleeves, topped by a cute Peter Pan collar.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 24/9 (7 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 26/3 (7 coupons). Postage 1/8 extra.

Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/9 (7 coupons); 36 and 38in. bust, 21/3 (7 coupons). Postage 1/8 extra.

"JACK" AND "JILL"—Delightful Dressing-gowns

Warm as toast and cute as a button, these dressing-gowns for a little boy and a little girl are made in a floral patterned flannelette in a fine selection of pastel colors.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 2yrs., 20in., 12/7; 4yrs., 32in., 12/9; 6yrs., 27in., 14/3; 8yrs., 41in., 15/6 (6 coupons). Postage 1/8 extra.

Out Only: Sizes 2yrs., 20in., 8/9; 4yrs., 32in., 9/11; 6yrs., 27in., 10/9; 8yrs., 41in., 11/9 (6 coupons). Postage 1/8 extra.



SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O. Sydney. Box 409P, G.P.O. Brisbane.
Box 388A, G.P.O. Adelaide. Box 186C, G.P.O. Melbourne.
Box 491G, G.P.O. Perth. Box 41, G.P.O. Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O. Melbourne.
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1014—FLOWER-DECKED CUSHION-COVER

Traced ready for you to embroider in bold daisy design, this attractive cushion-cover is available in three shades of repp—burgundy, natural, and green. It measures 18in. x 18in. Price 9/11. Postage 6 1/2d. extra.



No. 1015—PRETTY COCKTAIL APRON
The apron is traced clearly, ready for embroidering, on a fine white organdie. Price 6/11 (2 coupons). Postage 5 1/2d. extra.

No. 1016—TAILORED SLIP
This slim-fitting garment is ready traced for you to cut out and make up. It is in a good quality white silk rayon.

No. 1017—MATCHING SCANTEES
Also in a white silk rayon, the scantees are traced ready for you to cut out and make up.

No. 1018—CLOSE-FITTING PANTIES
Designed on similar lines to the scantees, they are traced, ready for you to cut out and make up, on a good quality white silk rayon.



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Boils, Pimples, Indigestion, Blotchy Complexion, Flatulence, Nervous Irritability and Blood diseases are frequently caused by Vitamin deficiency. Our modern foods are so carefully refined that the natural vitamins are lost in the processing. Among the most important of these vitamins are B1 and B2 which are present in large quantities in medicinal yeast. Yeaston Tablets are concentrated medicinal yeast in tablet form—that is why they are so valuable in relieving the many vitamin deficiency diseases. Yeaston Tablets make up for the lack of essential vitamins in everyone's daily diet, help build up resistance to deficiency diseases, and ensure vigorous good health.

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